

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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J. S. JONES, EDITOR,
PUBLISHED AND PROPRIETOR.

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12 CENTS A YEAR.

(FIRST)

NO. 25.

A Strange Story.

I have been aware since my arrival in Wetzel that there was a first class sensation over in the interior of the county, but have refrained hitherto from mentioning it, in order to give the matter a thorough and searching investigation. This I have endeavored to do. My information has been obtained from the parties who may be said to be interested, and are fully cognizant of all the circumstances.

WHEN I ARRIVED HERE

about a week ago I was told that about twenty-five miles up Fishing Creek, in the town of Grant, county of Wetzel, certain occurrences had recently taken place, commencing in the early spring and running on to the present time, that could not be accounted for by any natural means. But I will pass over all rumors, throw aside all testimony which I do not deem reliable, and give, as near as I can an impartial history of the occurrences as gathered from those interested. And before commencing it will be probably well to remark that I am no believer in things supernatural. Or rather, that hitherto I have never witnessed any acts that could not be explained to my entire satisfaction as the result of

SOME HUMAN AGENCY

And in commencing to investigate this matter, I did so with the firm determination to expose the fraud. As I have gone deeper into the subject, I find that there is some agency at work, past my powers of finding out or comprehending. Now to a brief, comprehensive history of the affair, which I shall give without color, or without drawing on

MY IMAGINATION.

Twenty-five miles up Fishing Creek, about twenty miles from Burton, lives Henry Nolan, a somewhat wealthy, and altogether respectable gentleman. In the family of Mr. Nolan is a son of thirteen, by name John Nolan. He is a bright, intelligent boy, and has until now ever been in good health and spirits.

EARLY LAST SPRING

John began to be troubled in a manner unaccountable to his parents, who at first thought he had lost his reason. He was followed, he said, at all times and in all places when in the house, by an old grey-headed man. He could see this man plainly at all times, but no one else could. John's parents becoming alarmed, sent him away from home, and he remained some time, experiencing no trouble. His friends thinking his mind and sound health restored, sent for him, and he returned but to have his every step dogged in the same

MYSTERIOUS MANNER.

But now the affair took a somewhat different turn, and in the same mysterious manner stones commenced to be hurled at John by this old, but invisible man. If John was in the house the stones would fall upon the roof, likewise if he was in any of the out buildings. If he was in the yard or fields, in fact any place outdoors, the stones would fall around and upon him.

BUT NEVER HURT HIM.

These stones varied in size from as large as a small pullet egg, to the size of your double fist. They could be seen coming through the air, but from whose hand only John could tell, who could at all times plainly see the old man hurling them at him. Things went on in this way for some time, John steadily and rapidly falling in health and strength.

EARLY IN JULY

John again left home, and as before was not troubled during his absence. He was to return on the last Sunday, the 29th of July, and now some of the friends and neighbors determined to ferret out and expose the whole business. So on Saturday Wm. Helerty, Peter Homer, Wm. Nolan and Benj. Martin armed themselves and went to the house,

EARLY SUNDAY MORNING,

before John was up, for, as we neglected to state, he was never in any way disturbed while asleep, they surrounded the house, first being careful that within their circuit no one was concealed. Scarcely had John arisen when the stones commenced falling almost in a shower upon the

ROOF OF THE HOUSE.

From where thrown, or by whom, could not be told. Looking up in the air they could be seen falling as do drops of water, but from where no man knew. But of this one fact all were soon convinced: they were thrown by no one within two stones' throw of the house.

AFTER BREAKFAST

John came out of the house, and the stones fell thick and fast around him, these apparently coming from a pasture field near the house. John could then distinctly see his old trouble in this field, and so with rifles cocked they started for him. He was, John said, sitting in a small bunch of briar bushes, and from this briar bush then came the stones. The briar patch was surrounded, rushed upon with clubs and stones, and John

SAW THE OLD MAN

enter another patch. This patch was surrounded, but with the same effect. Sometimes after coming from a patch he would enter another a few feet away, sometimes clear across the field. All day Sunday the search went on, but without success. Most of the gentlemen were determined to show there was nothing supernatural in the affair, so the search went on much in the same manner

MONDAY MORNING.

But they were upon this day destined to be more successful, and get further, vastly further, from the solution of this strange, won-

drously strange affair. From briar heap to briar heap we chased, on this Monday morning, the boy's trouble. He was here, there, nowhere, but always hurling stones at John. But finally he was

SUDDENLY VISIBLE TO ALL PARTIES

As John pointed him out in a briar patch; the party looked, and there could be plainly seen, a very old man. He was dressed apparently in blue pants and shirt, of fine looking material. He was hairless, but his long white flowing beard and hair hung in profusion around his shoulders and over his breast. His face was pale, and yet bright, eyes clear and sharp, and black as the night, shining in the midday sun.

LIKE THE MORNING STAR.

He was ordered to surrender, but he made no move. From him towards the boy the stones came, but not apparently thrown by the old man, being thrown, as it were, by him without a move or an effort. Again, and yet again, he was ordered to surrender, but no word he spoke. The party closed upon him, but he was off like a deer, bounding over the ground scarce touching it, almost as a bird flies.

JOHN FOLLOWED CLOSELY.

and seemed to be imbued with an unknown fleetness, for he easily kept at the old man's side, while the balance of the party, running with all their might, were left far in the rear. Again the strange creature entered a patch of briar, but was not again visible to any save the boy. Again he was run out, again he entered another briar patch, and so the chase went on. But once more during the day was this strange being

VISIBLE TO THE PURSUERS.

Like the first time, he was in a briar patch and visible to all parties. But this time it was determined to shoot him. As he was closed upon, ordered several times to surrender but spoke no word, one of the party then

TOOK DELIBERATE AIM.

with his rifle and fired. He arose apparently unhurt, and as he did so, another of the party shot, but he bounded off again as swift as the wind. The two men went to reload their rifles, but upon neither one of them was there a lock, both having fallen off.

The pursuit went on the balance of the day, but not again was the pursued visible to the pursuers. On Tuesday the chase was again resumed, but with the same

UNSATISFACTORY RESULTS.

But on this morning one of the party happened to mention to another that there seemed always to run from the briar patch a smoke. They noticed more particularly and found that never had they failed to run from the hiding place of the unseen old man a huge smoke. But this was soon changed and from each briar patch went forth an Indian Hen, a bird plentiful in that country. This Indian Hen would be driven from the briars and would go flying up through the air, alight in another patch, and from there

THE STONES WOULD COME.

On Tuesday evening, July 31, the search was abandoned, having been carried on for three days. On that evening John, now weak and emaciated, wasted away to a shadow of his former self, was sent away from home, and had not up to yesterday returned.

THIS ENDS THE HISTORY.

If there is anything strange about it do not ask me for the solution. I have laid before you the facts, nothing more, and you must draw your own inferences. I, for my part, have come to no conclusion. I know the above story to be true, as each name above given is well known in Wetzel, and precludes the possibility of any fraud or error.—*Intelligencer.*

New Martinsville, West Va.

NORIDDA.

God's Mother.

BRO. JONES—I have had a celestial offer; I may say a heavenly offer, and I write to ask your opinion as to whether I had better accept or not. About six weeks ago I received a letter and pamphlet from the publishing house of Geo. Stinson & Co., Art Publishers, Portland, Maine, asking me to become their agent in selling the "Beautiful engraving or picture of God's Mother."—not one of Col. Ingersoll's man-made Gods, but of the old Jewish Bible-made Gods. It is true that the author does not call his picture "God's Mother," but the "Mother of our Lord;" yet he really means God's mother, for all orthodox churches are Trinitarian, and all Trinitarians believe in a Trine God; that Mary's baby that was born in a stable was really the Father God who "created the heavens and the earth," so I am right when I say that the picture they wish me to sell is really the picture of the mother of the great Jehovah-God. Now I think it would be considered a holy business to engage in. But people might ask me whether God was not really older than his mother Mary, and if I should answer yes, they might ask another question that I could not satisfactorily answer, viz. "Can a child be older than its mother?" Will you tell me how I could answer such a question so as to satisfy all parties? Stinson & Co. praise the lady very highly, tell how "obedient to the law of Moses" she was. It appears that this law was that "forty days after the birth of a child the mother of the same should offer to the Lord a lamb to be consumed as a burnt-offering, and a turtle dove or a young pigeon for a sin-offering, the blood of which was to sprinkle upon her for her purification. If she could not afford a lamb the mother had to bring

another turtle-dove or a young pigeon. Two turtle doves were the offerings made by Mary, and this affords an incontestible proof of her poor and humble condition. Thus saith Stinson & Co. Now it seems to me very strange that "God's mother" could have come so foul that it would "purify" her to give her a showering of blood from beasts and birds.

Do you think, Bro. Jones, that an unbeliever (I like me ought to engage in this kind of Christian work?) is it not too sacred to be handled by unholly hands?

Furthermore, I have been solicited to act as agent and sell that beautiful old chromo representing "Christ blessing little children"—and as we do not know of any other place in the world where Christ ever did "bless little children" except in those "old chromos," I think I will take an agency in the business for a while.

N. B. I will give \$500 to send intelligent missionaries to convert or instruct our heathen at our own doors, for every single case that any orthodox Christian can show where Christ ever blessed little children more than he did big ones, or paid any more attention to them except in a few cases. I will mention one or two. The first case on record in the world's history, where God or Christ (I say God or Christ for our Christian friends or enemies tell us they are one, that they are partners in this plan of salvation, and what may be affirmed of one may be affirmed of the other) ever paid any special marked attention to little children, is found recorded in King 2: 24. In this chapter we find the account of the first balloon ascension ever made in this mundane sphere. Here we have a brief history of two godly (?) men, viz. master of ceremonies, Elijah, and servant Elisha. Elisha was about to "go up" or make an ascension. Elisha the servant desired to accompany him. It is probable that these little children, (whom Christ loved so well) were sabbath school children on their way to a Sunday school picnic, and happened to be there just at the time the balloon went up, and seeing that godly man Elisha who was looking up after his ascending master, cried out, "my father, my father," and probably said, "hold on, I want to go up too!"

While Elisha stood looking up, his hat fell off (else how did the dear little children know that he was bald-headed?) and they knew he was anxious to go up with his master, and the little innocents wanted to see him go too, so they cheered him on in their simple child-like way, and as they did not know his name they adopted the one that first suggested itself and that was the appearance of his hairless head, by clapping their hands and saying; "Go up thou bald-head." Now I ask this question, was there anything particularly sinful in calling him Mr. Bald-head? If there was I "can't see it in that light." But it seems that the God-like Elisha did see it in just that light, for he turned back and looked on them and cursed them in the name of the Lord.

Mr. Editor, what do you suppose that saint said? I believe I could guess very nearly. As I have heard a great deal of cursing "in the name of that Lord." Be that as it may, he cursed them in a way pleasing to God of course, or he would not have immediately sent it upon them. I don't think infidels or even common (?) sinners would curse little children for so small a thing as that, even now in these degenerate days.

Those bears must have been piously educated; probably had been to orthodox Sunday schools. It is sure they were learned bears, as common heathen unconverted bears only kill to feed their flesh and their young ones. They don't kill for killing's sake. Only God-sent bears do that.

There are a few other instances in Holy Writ (?) where the Trine paid special attention to little children. See Isa. 13:16, where God "mustereth the armies of his wrath" and permits (graciously I might say), them to "dash their children in pieces before their eyes."

N. B. If some of our orthodox Christian artists will get up old chromos of the bears tearing the 40 and 3 little children in pieces, and of the armies of God's wrath dashing them in pieces before their eyes, I will embark a while in the pious old chromo peddling business.—I think a few of many old chromos of this sort would sell rapidly. I mean just what I say.

Believers often say to me, "You never say a word favorable to the Christian religion." My reply invariably is that there are 75,000 well paid priests whose sole business is to present and defend that side of the question, and ten times that number of the Y. M. C. A., and ten times their number of Church members, to say all that need or can be said on that side of this important subject. So "I pray thee have me excused" from siding your decaying cause any longer. They further tell me that I don't treat their side with candid argument. My answer again is, their side of the question I take up is so ridiculously absurd that it would be foolish in me (or any one on my side) to attempt a grave argument to refute them, as for instance, in the case of Elisha, that he "went up (?) to heaven by a whirlwind in a chariot of fire and horses of fire." I am willing to hazard my reputation as a man of "sound brass," and say that there is not a man or woman in Christendom of fair education, whose mind has not been distorted and stupefied by religious (orthodox) training, that believes such absurd impossible nonsense.

Starfield, Ill. T. J. MOON.

\$1 50 cents renews trial subscription one year.

Floodwood—A Review of Bro. Potter.

BRO. JONES—I confess that I felt offended in spirit on reading a portion of Bro. Potter's article in the JOURNAL of the 22nd of August—not because he criticized the "free lusters," for of all despicable wretches that go unhung, the public advocates of that practice are the most despicable. The offensive feature of his article to my mind, individually, is where he quotes from my letter to the JOURNAL of April 25th, 1871, and in the connection in which the quotation is made, if not in so many words, would class my opinions as in harmony with the views of other parties from whom he had quoted above, with whose views I have not now, and never have had, the least sympathy. He says "Many of our reformed speakers, about the idea that the church has ever taught us that man is a free agent, and with the next breath, say, 'All love is free.' Hear T. B. Taylor define his position on free love."

Now, it seems to me that Bro. Potter has got this decidedly mixed. I was not aware before that any body ever "scouted" or in any sense of way denied that the churches taught "Free Will." Why, even in old blue stocking Calvinism, it is the boast that "God is Sovereign and man is free." To be sure, to harmonize two contradictory statements or propositions like these, would be a very difficult thing; nevertheless this is claimed by them and all other religions, with here and there an individual and unimportant exception. Personally Bro. Potter, I deny most emphatically that man is a "free agent," and propose very briefly, to prove it, and thereby defend my position which you do not seem to understand.

1st. Look at the term "Free Agent." The very fact of agency contradicts the idea of freedom. If you are my agent, sir, you do simply as I bid you. The very moment you go beyond my empowering, that moment you cease to be my agent, and if you continue to manage my business, you have become my master and not my agent. Presto! "Free Agency" is a misnomer.

2d. Look at the universally accepted proposition: "No man is without his influence in some quarter; or as is very elegantly and truthfully expressed by the apostle: "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself"; that is, by the life or death of all men, some other man is influenced or affected. Now, just in proportion as I am influenced by another, just in that exact proportion I am not free; or, stating the question in the form of logical syllogism it would stand thus:

First Proposition—All men influence all other men.
Second Proposition—Bro. Potter belongs to the genus homo and therefore has influence.
Third Proposition—I belong to the genus homo and am therefore susceptible of influence.

Corollary: Therefore, I am not free because of these influences over me. But while man is not free in an absolute sense, there are elements in nature that are free in a given and well defined sense, as taught by natural philosophy. For example: the particles of water, air, electricity, magnetism, od, the fragrance of flowers, etc., "all move freely among themselves," blend and interblend; and so, also, is the law of evidence.

While no man can believe a thing to be true, simply because he wants to believe it true; and while no man can help believing a thing to be true simply because he does not want it to be true, yet place him in a position where the laws of evidence are unobstructed and if the evidence, which moves freely, that is, uncontrained, is sufficient, he can no more help his belief than he can pull the sun down over his head; and vice versa. Now, then, there are some other elements of nature in addition to those cited above that move freely, and if we are in our sensibilities sufficiently acute to appreciate them, we are absolutely and unconditionally influenced by them. Such, for example, are, sensibility, grandeur, beauty, symmetry, love, admiration, etc., with the antitheses of all these.

For example: A hog will pass through a garden of flowers, with only a "grunt," and never see the beauty thereof, while an appreciative and cultivated mind, will see "a thousand charms in every opening flower." Finally, if Bro. Potter will apply the law to the question of "Free Love," he will comprehend where I stand on this subject.

I said in the article referred to by Bro. Potter, "All love is free that is not forced." I say the same in this. The love element is absolutely free, and its influence on the human mind is just in proportion to the susceptibilities of the individual mind. For instance: I once stood beside the Falls of Niagara, wrapped in silent awe, admiration and love of that expression of the grandeur of nature, and impulsively exclaimed: "How wonderful are thy works, O God!"

An old woman with a "lincy woolley" dress and check apron on, stood near by, with her hand under apron, replied, "Humph! I don't see anything to kinder the water from pouring over," while another thought it a good place to wash soap."

I love a handsome well-built house, a handsome valuable horse, a handsome and well educated woman, a noble man of classic brow, an intellect within, a pure heart, a valuable life. I love music, and paintings, and flowers, and statuary, and children and birds, (well see effluvia if you will) but does all this presuppose that I must denounce them all and myself with hellish lust? Away! with such an infernal insinuation! Lust and love are as far apart as hell is from heaven; as light is

from darkness, as truth is from error. I love the lovable always and everywhere. Call me a "Free Lover," if you will; but if you condemn love and lust, I pity your want of comprehension, and if you apply the latter to me, I hurl back the vile imputation as a base slander and a crime.

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.

From the Edinburg Circle of Light.

FINDING ONE TO CHRIST—HOW THE ANGELS SHOW IT, OR A COMMON-SENSE VIEW OF IT.

A few evenings ago I was asked by a devoted Christian woman, what I would say if a "penitent" should come to me, and ask to be pointed to Christ?

I know very well the orthodox method, and often in my Christian life exhorted such, in humble penitence to fall upon their knees, and beg for mercy and forgiveness, "all they would be able by faith to lay hold of the promise" (though I never found any promise for such a programme), "and roll their burden on the Lord," and thus realize the forgiveness of their sins. But in these latter days, the spirits having taught me the unsoundness of my orthodox faith, and not believing in the old way, I was at loss how to answer, and for the time being evaded it. Just after retiring for the night, still reflecting on the lady's question, I sensed a peculiar control taking possession of me, and I felt the presence of a young man by my side. He was dressed in filthy rags, had disheveled hair, and his countenance betokened the deepest anguish. After viewing him for a moment, I asked him what he wanted. He replied, point me to Christ, for my whole life has been spent in sin." I was just preparing, after the usual style of the churches, to urge him to cast his burden on the Lord, when the room became suddenly illumined with a golden light, and a very bright personage stood before me. He was dressed in a long flowing robe after the style of the ancients, and his countenance was radiant with love and benevolence. He approached where we stood and asked if he could be of any service to us. I said to him, "This man wishes to be pointed to Christ." He immediately turned and said, "Follow me." We followed him out into the streets of a great city where everything seemed confusion. Our guide pointed my companion to an old man bowed down with many years, lame and decrepit, with a basket upon his arm, apparently too heavy for him to carry, who was being jostled about by the crowd, almost to falling. "There," said the guide, "is Christ; go and help him."

My companion hesitated.

"Go," said our guide, "for he that would find Christ, must find him among the poor, the helpless and the degraded. Go! for he that would follow the Christ must cease to do evil and learn to do well."

Upon this my companion started, took the basket from the old man's arm, and in a gentle tone, told him to lean upon him and he would help him along. My guide and self followed them as they passed several streets and finally turned into an alley, and into an old tumbled down tenement, such as abound in the filthy alleys of our large cities. Here my companion set down the basket, and as he left him dropped a few pieces in his hand, received the old man's benediction, and returned to us.

But what a marked change in him. His countenance looked like another man's; and his clothing though not yet whole or clean was much improved, his step was more elastic, and his whole being seemed filled with energy. As he turned us he asked, "What next?" "Go!" said our guide, "to that poor, wretched woman yonder, and to that poor, to lift her out of her degradation; in a word, do with thy might whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, for sayeth the Christ, as much as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Quick as thought my companion was off on his errand of mercy, and as I and my guide stood in the midst of the street watching him, his whole future life stood out before us as a panorama. By day we saw him in the busy marts of life, engaged in business, with all the ardor of a man who thought that all his happiness in this world and the next depended upon the success of the hour, yet careful to defraud no one, always just in weight and measure, and at the close of the day, we saw him wending his way with a well filled basket, to the huts of the poor and the outcast. In his presence the poor wept for joy, and the outcast and the desolate, said by thy help we will reform. We saw him gather the poor, fatherless and forsaken children from the streets and byways, and clothe them and place them in schools. In fine, if he found one hungry, he fed him; naked, he clothed him; sick or in prison, he visited them, and at the close of his well-spent life, he approached us again. His form was somewhat bowed with age, but his natural force seemed not abated. "His face was wrinkled, but radiant with peace and joy. His clothing was well worn, but spotless and clean, and as he stood before us in the integrity of his manhood he asked of my guide, "What next?" The guide surveyed him for a moment with the utmost tenderness, then pointing upward, said, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." In an instant his form lay prostrate at our feet, and in a few moments by the assistance of his glorious spirit band, he was born in spirit-life, and was borne away by his hand to the beautiful Summer-land, to reap in eternal youth, the fruits of a well-spent life.

Edinburg, Ind. R. K. HOODMAN.

\$1 50 cents renews trial subscription one year.

Extracts from our Exchanges.

In order to give our readers a more comprehensive view of Spiritualism and Religious subjects, we shall publish in this Department, the ablest articles of our exchanges, which we are receiving from various parts of the world.

BIGOTRY IN NEW ZEALAND.

Fanatics Attempt to Suppress the Reading of the Journal.

Its Bold, Truthful Declarations Don't Suit Them.

THE ATHENAEUM COMMITTEE AND THE FREE TABLE.

[From the Otago Daily Times, Dunedin, New Zealand.]

I would not have publicly referred to the action of the majority of the Athenaeum Committee in abolishing the "Free Table," and in refusing to allow a place in the Reading-room to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and to the Maryborough and Dunolly Advertiser, had you not in your leader of the 1st inst., alluded to the action of the minority.

I have to observe that, probably without due investigation, and as the Committee are not open to the press, you have made statements in your leader not consonant with fact. For example, you say that it was "at the request of a numerous body of the subscribers" that the Committee "determined to put an end to the 'Free Table.'" This statement is inaccurate. I am not aware of even one subscriber having asked the Committee to put an end to the "Free Table."

The marked article in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was an advertisement, and that in the Maryborough and Dunolly Advertiser closely followed in your columns last week. "The Physiology of the Sects." That any member of the Athenaeum, signed the memorial without reading the papers to which it referred, I am loth to believe, still the fact remains that an "advertisement" is called an "article," and that the Maryborough and Dunolly Advertiser's name is changed to the "Maryborough and Dunolly Gazette." What I have so far written disposes, I think, of the statements in the first sentence of your leader. And here, had you admitted that the papers already mentioned had been excluded from the Reading Room because of their advocacy of "the peculiar views of a few," I should have stopped. The Athenaeum Committee, or at all events the majority of the subscribers, have the power, and I suppose the right, follows from the might, to exclude such books, pamphlets and newspapers as they see fit; and however much I might have questioned the propriety of excluding periodicals "advancing the peculiar views of a few," I should have acquiesced in the majority's decision.

You have written, however, as an excuse for the action of the majority of the Committee something very different. You say—"It was not against this or that sect of Christianity, but against the very foundations of morality—a morality common to all the civilized world; that they [that is the newspapers excluded] set their face." Of course, those who voted for the retention of these papers are implicitly accused of also setting their faces against the "morality common to all the civilized world." I do not stop to enquire what is meant by the civilized world, nor whether "morality" is non-existent where civilization is absent. The statement contained in this sentence of yours I deny, and challenge you to the proof. Before, however, dealing particularly with the papers, I may state that you have raised a question and put forward an excuse, which certainly the majority of the Committee never clearly raised nor put forth. Mr. Cargill, in his usual manly and straightforward way, in urging that the papers already so often mentioned be excluded, stated that his objections to the papers were that they "advanced the peculiar views of a few, that they were spiritualistic, that they were blasphemous, that they shocked the feelings and consciences of the majority of this Christian community." Mr. Stanford, the only other Committee man who spoke, or rather gave, a reason for his vote, said that as he was a representative, it was his duty to do what his constituents desired, and if the majority of the subscribers wished the Advertiser retained, he should not oppose its being placed in the Reading Room. It is nonsense, therefore, to raise the "morality" question. The opposition to the papers excluded and to the free table, is based on religious or theological feeling. Indeed, how can it be said to be otherwise? An Institute that has Shelley's works, Byron's works, the Decameron, the works of Apuleius, Dean Swift's writings, not to mention other works on its shelves, could hardly ask for the exclusion of the JOURNAL or the Advertiser on moral grounds. I may state for the benefit of your readers who may not have read either of the papers named, that both are Theistic, both teach the immortality of the soul, and both inculcate the grand moral truths proclaimed by Christ on the Mount. One—the JOURNAL—is spiritualistic, and has nobly battled against that social cancer of American free-love; the other is anti-spiritualistic, stating that Modern Spiritualism is born of the Devil. Both papers are, however, heretical, if either the Westminster Confession or the Thirty-nine Articles are orthodox. It is true that the JOURNAL does publish a quick advertisement, but is that a ground for the exclusion of a newspaper? What Colonial paper does not publish medical advertisements? Is there not to be seen even in a Dunedin paper Dr. L. L. Smith's "Nervousness, Debility and Skin Diseases" advertisement? And what of that oil which is

A balm for every wound, A cure for every ill!

And what Colonial newspaper does not now and then publish reports of cases in Opuntia which I need not characterize? Is a paper to be excluded because of these things? Again, The Advertiser sets the advertisements from the Victorian Government. Can it be that the Government of Victoria gives its advertisements to an immoral newspaper? May more—I have read in your own columns questions from The Advertiser. Can it be that you quote from an immoral print? But enough. I challenge you to point out the attack on the morality common to "all the civilized world."

It is really, to my mind, trifling with the question to say that it is not because of "the peculiar views" advanced by these papers that they were excluded. I do not deny that some of the articles in them would shock the feelings and consciences of a large number in this community. But an article in your paper had the same effect, as Mr. Cargill has already told you. Would it have been, therefore, proper to exclude the Times from the Reading Room? I am not saying I agree with the "peculiar views" advocated by either the Journal or the Advertiser. As a fact, I do not; and I think that often the language employed by the writers in advancing their "peculiar views" is unnecessarily harsh. But who am I, or who is Mr. Cargill, that either of us should be a judge? Are the Readers of the Athenaeum to be debarred from reading all sides of all questions? I read in the Dublin Review—a Review that is most able in doctrine (Catholic)—the following: "He, that is John Morley in his Life of Rousseau, speaks of the doctrine of the fall and depravity of man as the false mockeries of the shrine of the Hebrew's 'divinity,' as the palsied and crushing conception of this excellent and helpful Being, as a poor worm writhing under the vindictive and meaningless anger of an omnipotent tyrant in the large heavens, only to be appeased by sacerdotal intervention." (vol. II., p. 196), and again calls our idea of God that of a grim Chief Justice of the Universe; and another "that of a blood-stained monster as from a steaming shrine in Old Mexico." (vol. II., p. 207); and on the same page of the Review (see Dublin Review for October, 1873, p. 208) it is noted that "Mr. Morley invariably spells the name of God with a small initial." Was anything ever published in the Journal or Advertiser so shocking to the feelings and consciences of an orthodox Christian community as this? And yet must Morley's "Rousseau" be denied admittance to the Library, or the Fortnightly Review, which he edits, be banished from the Reading Room? Let there be consistency. Surely Mr. Morley's "liberty" is akin to the "license" of the Journal or of the Advertiser? And I could multiply quotations from modern and much-read books of things shocking to the feelings of many. Does not one-half of the Reviews on the table shock our Jewish and our Catholic subscribers? Why, then, should the Committee frame an Index Expurgatorius, and begin with a Spiritualistic and a Theistic paper?

Green's "Fair Haven," a mild book—a book recommended by the Rock—characterizes our leading theologians in a way that would, I am sure, shock one-half of the fifty who condemned the Journal and the Advertiser; and must the author "Erwin" have his works placed on the Athenaeum Index? One word more, and I am done. The Athenaeum is—and I challenge denial of this—monthly receiving newspapers and books paid for out of the funds of the Institute as heretical—I use the same definition as I have done before—as either of the excluded papers. And yet the majority of the Committee are to be praised for refusing to receive free of cost these two papers? I leave the foregoing remarks to the judgment of the subscribers of the Institute. In the past, they have not allowed party or sectarian feeling to influence the management, and I do believe they will act in the future as they have done in the past. They imagine that the Athenaeum can never be the home of culture if what a sect terms blasphemy is excluded; but that every way to culture—if not the way—is to view every question from every possible side.

I am, etc.,

ROBERT STOUT.

Letter from Charles C. Wilson.

BRO. JONES.—Here I am on the eastern edge of the United States, where the "voice of the Creator" is heard in the wild singing waves all day long, where the cool delightful breeze, exhaled from the upheaving bosom of the great Atlantic ocean, fans our summer sunned brow and inspires a prayer of gratitude. At such a place I have unfolded a copy of your JOURNAL, in anticipation of a mental treat. The first article which attracted my attention was that taken from the Churchman, an organ of the sect Episcopalian. There is a very brief phrase in it, which, with your permission, I should like to reply to, as concisely as possible with the view of opening the eyes of the misunderstanding of the Brother who wrote the article against Spiritualism. He is evidently a well meaning man, and is, or should be, open to conviction and Christianity. If what I am going to say is not true, I would take it as a special favor if he, or anybody else, would explain it away by the simple application of plain truth. Let us be truthful in all things, and instead of declamation, let us strive to convince an erring Brother by the elucidation of facts—mere denunciation is no foundation for argument; it is like a house built upon the sand. In the article as copied from the Churchman, are these words: "It [Spiritualism] ridicules the mysteries of the Trinity." Now, Brother Jones, what is the Trinity, who originated it, at what time, and in what place? Will you please allow history, that has never yet been denied, to answer the question? There is no mystery about the Trinity, to those who have read history.

In A. D., 325, a convention of dissenting bishops assembled at Nice in Bithynia. It was the first general council. There were 318 bishops present, and also presbters, deacons and others, numbering all told 2,048 persons. There was a great diversity of opinion among them. At times the contentions were very violent, they evidently forgot the peaceful mission of Jesus, and therefore fanned the flame of discord until all Christendom was involved. The Emperor Constantine, finally succeeded in restoring the members of the convention to some degree of temper, and they proceeded in earnest to draw up a creed, as the only true orthodox faith. It was called the "Nicene creed." The historian makes a summary of this creed in the following words: "We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the only begotten; begotten of the Father, that is, the substance of the Father. God of God; Light of Light; true God of true God; begotten, not made, consubstantial with the Father, by whom all things were made, things in heaven and things on earth, who for us men and for our salvation came down and was incarnate, and became man, suffered and rose again the third day, and ascended into the heavens and comes to judge the quick and the dead; and in the Holy Ghost. And the Catholic and Apostolic church doth anathematize those persons who say, that there was a time when the Son of God was not; that he was not before he was born; that he was made of nothing, or of another substance or being; or that he is, created, or changeable, or convertible."

The above quotation is verbatim of literature. This creed having been adopted, Constantine treated the bishops in a splendid manner, filled their pockets and sent them honorably home, exhorting them to maintain peace among themselves, and that none of them should envy another who might excel the rest in wisdom and eloquence; that they should not carry

themselves haughtily toward their inferiors, but condescend to, and bear with, their weakness.

From this time, A. D. 325, "The Scriptures were now no longer the standard of the Christian faith." So says the ecclesiastical historian. To publish the entire history would take up more room in your paper than you could conveniently spare, and which might be filled to better advantage. Suffice it to say, that to dwell at any length upon the disgraceful cabals, violent invectives, slanderous recriminations, rapine, murder, most impious actions and outrageous cruelties, the destruction of the writings or records of the Arians, could afford me no pleasure to write and less interest to the readers of the JOURNAL. History says that Constantine denounced Athanasius as a "corrupter of men's souls, a disturber of the city, a pernicious fellow, convicted of the worst crimes," while Athanasius in reply styled Constantine, an idolater and hangman, one capable of all kinds of murder," etc.

Such, Bro. Jones, were the men who prepared a creed, the very foundation of the doctrine of the Trinity, now advocated by our Brother of the Churchman. In the fourth century, bishops were placed in power in their thrones by armed soldiers. The vanquished were put to death, and the most implacable bitterness, hatred horror and cruelty prevailed and people were divided into factions; so that even Julian, the Emperor, said that "even the beast of the forest were not so cruel." Following up this era, it will be found that the Arians held a synod at Illyricum which again decreed the consubstantiality of "Father, Son and Spirit." The Emperor issued circulars ordering that this doctrine should be preached. In A. D. 375, Valerius became sole Emperor and was prevailed upon by Eudoxius, bishop of Constantinople, to take a decided part with the Arians by cruelly persecuting the orthodox. After this period when Heodocius arrived in the imperial city, he sent for the Arian bishop Demophilus, and told him that if he did not subscribe to the Nicene confession of faith, he would drive him and his followers from their churches. The result was, the Arians were driven from the city.

In the year A. D. 383, a council of bishops agreeing with Heodocius met at Constantinople. There were 150 members present. It was decreed by them that the Nicene creed should be the standard of orthodoxy and that all heresies should be condemned. For further particulars the reader is referred to Jones' church history. If that history is untrue, let our Brother of the Churchman prove it to be so, but until then, let him remove the beam from his own eye, before he attempts to extract the mote out of the eye of Spiritualism or anything else that does not come up to his standard of sectarian views. The whole fight on the doctrine of the Trinity seemed to be factious, as, singular to relate, both favored the idea,—it was a savage, bloody massacre, about a "distinction with a difference."

It certainly is a very easy thing to understand the peaceful mission of Jesus. His example was good, his father, your father, my father, the world's father, were well pleased with him. Why not emulate his example, and stop all this bickering about theological dogmas. I can not say that I am a Spiritualist, but I'll admit that I am on the anxious bench. I have seen sights; I have heard words; I have felt physical impressions—that is, touching by an invisible power, and if one-fourth what I have read be true, then, indeed, the world can not too soon become cognizant of the reality; and the Christian church that sets aside its dogmas, and takes the first step on the road of progression, will be regarded as the light that comes once more into the world, to guide mortals from error to the beautiful sun-lit pathway of truth. I am pretty sure of one thing, that is, if our Brother of the Churchman will form a circle of six, eight or ten men and women, and adhere to the rules made for the development of mediums, and prayerfully desire to have his mind enlightened in regard to what is called Spiritualism, which he has so recently denounced, I think that he will become satisfied, that he has condemned without investigation a subject, that will be to him, a light to his path, and he will become one of your contributors. Condemn no man for his opinion, but reason together for the sake of that extremely radical thing, called truth. Form a circle, Brother Churchman, and "try the spirits;" faint not, nor be afraid, for the power is from the great Creator—he does not press it upon you, but invites you to "try." It seems to me to be the fountain of pure water, full to the brim and enough to satisfy the throat of every one, who takes a drink thereof.

Atlantic City, N. J.

Gods.

BY ELDER F. W. EVANS.

"I said, Ye are Gods"—John x. 34. Who said? In Bible times, if not now, all the nations, and most of the people, had their Gods. They were "called Gods," because those unto whom these Gods ministered, took them so to be; each believing his God was the very Deity—so did John the Revelator. The lower down in the scale of soul travel, men and women were, the more fully were they confirmed in the idea, that everything spiritual—supernatural—was direct from Deity. Physical phenomena, as thunder and lightning, earthquakes and epidemics, were often believed to be the voice of God, or arbitrary visitations of his displeasure, independent of human agency or natural causation.

When the Gentile Roman Centurion saw Jesus exercising authority over disembodied spirits, and likened him unto himself, who, as a military officer, had soldiers under him, to whom he issued commands, and was obeyed, Jesus declared, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." A Gentile was discovered, who was more learned—better educated, in the knowledge of the Spirit-world, and the laws which there obtain, than any Jew; Jesus alone excepted. Jesus was an extraordinary man. His love of truth and goodness was so simple and intense, that it resurrected him up, into the Heaven of Heavens. He loved righteousness, and hated iniquity, to that degree, that it exalted him above the sectarian prejudices and national pride of his people and day. He could detect evil, even among the Pharisees—the highest professors—and discover good in the Infidel, Sadducees, Samaritans and Gentiles.

This religious condition of soul, necessarily made him an enlightened Spiritualist. He communed socially with Moses and Elias, and, no doubt with thousands of others of the saints and prophets of earth, long ago departed. He spoke of having "bread to give," beyond the comprehension of his disciples—talked of "ten legions of Angels," and what help they could be to him. The Spirit-world was open to his vision, from the hills into which the antediluvians had immersed themselves, up to the universal Christ Heavens.

He was born Jesus; just as Napoleon was born Napoleon. When a boy, at school in Corsica, Napoleon

played war, with forts of snow, and cannon of frozen water. He was Napoleon.

As a boy, Jesus learned to obey his earthly parents. As a Jew, he was obedient to John the Baptist. And then, as a spiritual man—a prophet—he learned obedience to the Christ Spirit, and became the Messiah.

Those spirits were drawing him inward and upward, through all the spheres in the spirit world, causing him to say, "If I be lifted up—resurrected—I will draw all men unto me," as fast as I can.

The Devils, in the Hells, and the Cherubim and Seraphim, in the Holy of Holies, were before him. He opened the everlasting gates of Truth, to all nations, kindreds, tongues and people—to all souls, in all worlds. He was a King—a Priest—a Prophet. He was just what every other soul becomes, who comes into the same soul-condition—Kings and priests unto God; over others who have not yet attained unto that high religious estate—a simple love of truth and goodness—of God.

Moses was God to Pharaoh, as the Israelites were Gods to the Egyptians—"I said ye are Gods, but ye shall die like men."

The God of Abram, Isaac and Jacob was the God of Moses; and the God of Moses belonged to an Order in the Spirit World, who acted as "Angels of the Lord, and unto whom the word of God came," from the spheres above, even from the Lord their God.

The prophetic order existed in Israel and in all nations. It was universal.

Melchisedec was a prophet, and was Abram's superior—his elder. Yet Melchisedec was not even a Hebrew but a Gentile. He was what "anti-Christians" call a Heathen.

Jethro was a prophet, who instructed Moses and the whole Jewish Priesthood, in the art of civil government. He was their religious superior. Yet Jethro was a Gentile—an Ethiopian Heathen, who would not be allowed the rights of American citizenship, until the Civil Rights Bill of Sumner becomes American Law.

Jesus said to the spiritually ignorant Jews, "If ye called them Gods, unto whom the word of God came," from the spheres still above them, why call ye me a blasphemer, who claim to be only a son of God, and just what, even your own selves, by obedience, might become?

The Prophetic Order of human souls, to which Enoch, Melchisedec, Jethro, Balaam, Samuel, Elijah, John Baptist, Jesus, and "the Two Witnesses," down to George Fox, and Jane Wardley belonged, were Spiritual Media. When in their highest spiritual, religious condition, they were Mediums of Christ Spirits. At other times, they were capable, like Balaam, of being mediums for Spirits of lower Orders.

Prophets were expected to love truth better than they loved life itself. They were often sent to reprove Priests and Kings, who had the power of life and death over them. They instructed and reprov'd Levites, who were mediums of the God of Israel; as they did the constituted authorities—media—of the Gods of other nations—the powers that be. These often put them to death, as Herod did John, striving to drown the truth, in the blood of Prophets and Martyrs—so that Jesus inquired of the Jews, "Which of the Prophets have your fathers not stoned, or killed, when they were sent unto them?" sent by the rock—Christ—who thus "followed them," in all their deviations and wandering, in their wilderness of sin?

And it was thus that the word of God came to them that were called Gods—even to the God of the Hebrews, and the Gods many and the Lords many, of the so-called Heathen nations of Earth.

Katie King.

And now comes the New York Graphic and speaks favorably of Spiritualism, in the following:

When the rapping and table-turning broke out, over twenty-five years ago, in a house near Rochester, N. Y., occupied by a family named Fox, and spread over the country and eventually to Europe, exciting attention from all classes of people, arousing the anathemas of the pulp and the ridicule of the press, it was confidently predicted by those who "saw through the imposture" that it would prove a very short-lived one, and pass away as all other delusions have that have visited the world. But the prophets were at fault. The faith in the power of the dead to make their identity manifest to the living by means of certain physical phenomena has grown and strengthened until Spiritualists abound in every clime, and have so increased in this country that the late Judge Edmonds ventured to claim that there were 11,000,000 of believers, avowed and unavowed, here. The alleged manifestations have also increased in variety and power. From rapping and table-moving they advanced to "spirit" writing and "spirit" drawing, and then to "spirit" photography. An American named Home gave exhibitions of his mediumistic powers, and was alleged by numerous eye-witnesses to have "floated through the air," elongated his body from six to eleven feet, handled live coals without injury, and performed other supernatural feats. The Davenport brothers followed with their cabinet performances. All sorts of marvels were reported—there being something novel and surprising every day, until at last the world ceased to be surprised at the prodigies of the stories told by the Spiritualists and those who went to investigate.

The latest developments have been what is called "materialization," and they bear every thing that has gone before. "Materialization" may be defined as the restoration of a spirit to a form of flesh, blood, bones, etc., as in life. Sometimes the materializations are partial only, and no more than a hand, or arm, or head appears. At other times the entire form appears, stalks around the room, converse, allows itself to be felt and embraced, and vanishes into nothingness before the eyes of the amazed beholders. What the process is by which the spirit transforms itself into a natural body is a puzzle even to Spiritualists, who ought to know; but the theory has been advanced by one of them—Mr. Robert Dale Owen, we believe—that the particles used for the formation of the temporary body are extracted by a peculiar (?) process from the medium, who, during the manifestation is intranced. The materializations have appeared from time to time in various localities during the past ten years, and are now becoming common. The arm of flesh thrust through the aperture in the cabinet in which the Davenport brothers sit, bound to their chairs is a kind of materialization witnessed by almost everybody; for almost everybody, we suppose, have been to see the Davenport perform. At Moravia, N. Y., there were some remarkable manifestations of this character. It has been reserved for the last year to bring forth manifestations that have astounded the investigators, puzzled the scientists, and made a convert of Mr. William Crookes, F. R. S., and editor of the Quarterly Journal of Science, who had started out to give the phenomena a scientific sifting.

When Katie gave her farewell performances for the benefit of the learned scientific person above named, she announced that she had

been called to a "higher sphere," and that they would see her no more. Mrs. Ross-Church describes the final seance. Either she means to compliment the United States or else there is a bogus Katie in Philadelphia, for there are materializations going on there now, at the house of a Mr. Taylor, in which the spirit who comes out and converses and shakes hands with people says she is the identical Katie King who was so accommodating to Messrs. Crookes and Wallace.

We learn from a Spiritualist paper that Miss King was the daughter of John King, who was a gentleman at the court of the good Queen Bess. He is also materializing in London at the present time, and at several of the seances his wife and other of his children than Katie have appeared. Indeed the King family seem to be full of business. At the last John King manifestations at the house of Mr. Campbell, No. 51 Wimple street, London, a distinguished party was present, including an eminent scientific man—"the most eminent in his department"—who desires for the present to remain incognito, as far as the general public is concerned, as he does not care to be inundated with letters and interrogations. It may be remarked that there is more disposition exhibited by persons distinguished in the walks of science and philosophy in England and on the Continent to investigate this phenomena than there is by the same class here. The elder Dr. Tyng, who gave the matter a thorough examination, says that it proceeds from the devil. He therefore advises everybody to let spirits severely alone.

That Saucer of Ice Cream—A Key to Orthodox Humanity.

BRO. S. S. JONES.—I must tell, you a little incident. I called on Capt. H., the supervisor of this township, during my stay in this pleasant village. The Captain's good wife is sick, her body sinking, and her soul rising and calmly looking for the opening of the portals of the Beautiful Hereafter. I have learned that a lady came to his gate with a saucer of ice cream a few days since. The Captain, a grey-haired layman in the Church of Humanity, met the woman, took the saucer and asked her what he should pay. She replied "ten cents." This pious lady is a near neighbor of this afflicted family, and a shining light in the M. E. Church; but unfortunately Capt. H. and his good wife are Spiritualists. An ice cream festival had just been held for the benefit of the Church; and it was decided to sell the debris of the feast to increase the Church funds.

I am told the following items of facts that will place things in true light. Three years since, the family of this pious lady lived a little distance from town, and, by reason of much sickness, had become needy. A grey-haired Spiritualist of the place obtained livery teams, gathered a company of Spiritualists, collected provisions, comforts and luxuries, and held a donation party at that destitute home. Capt. H. was there with his packages of sugar, tea, etc. These Spiritualists said, "Let us go out and do good among the destitute children of God, whether of Church or no Church." My informant says that scene is a bright spot in the memory of his life; Humanity presided and the good angels were all around. About the same time, an "old Spiritualist" of the place, gave a cow as a Christmas present to the Methodist minister of the village, saying the reason of the gift was—"These four little children have no milk;" but the Church kept very quiet about it to save its reputation. I have called on this old man and asked him on what principle he fed ingratitude, taking his pay only in slander and hate. The eyes of that "old Spiritualist" beamed at me beautifully, replying "You see I am a follower of Jesus in this, I am a friend of sinners; and thus I do to the Churches who are the sinners, the sick and the dying, in this present Golden Age of Reason and Humanity." I love this man; I love his humane and beneficent spirit; I love to think how the good angels will soon welcome him; and as I "journey on," I intend to relate these things to my audience, and say to them, when they give good gifts of humanity to orthodox ingrates, it will be well to bear in mind "the little Church around the corner," and "the saucer of ice cream."

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There are many liberal minds in New Zealand, that favor, in a judicious and systematic manner, the glorious Harmonia Philosophica...

This "expulsion business" and burning of heretics, etc., belong exclusively to religious devotees. The action of those in authority in the New Zealand reading room...

Would it not be well for the religious fanatics of New Zealand to organize on a devilish basis, and send a delegate to the Court of Hell...

With a public-spiritedness quite refreshing for Edinburgh, and with a kind-heartedness no less to be admired, Mr. Porteous invited Messrs. Bastian and Taylor to meet...

The gas being now entirely turned off, we joined in a little sacred singing, when almost immediately was heard the rolling over the floor of the tin speaking trumpet...

In about a quarter of an hour we again took our seats, and with the permission of the medium to test as we pleased, it was arranged that the musical box should be placed between the feet of one gentleman at the back of Bastian...

It is not astonishing that ignorance exists in Mexico, and that it manifests itself under the protection of law in the following legal document:

ORDER OF ARREST. Superior Court of Jacobo: I inform your Prefecture that this afternoon I ordered to be arrested as witches, Joseph N.

Bonilla and Diego Lago, who for six months past have bewitched Silverster Zacarias. Yesterday the citizen Martin Porras, in order to drive the devil out of his body...

The expulsion of the JOURNAL from the reading room of the Athenaeum, New Zealand, was just as far as the Church members there could go and be sustained by law...

A meeting of the Committee of the Athenaeum was held last evening. There were present Mr. Lubecki (in the chair), the Rev. Mr. Sanford, and Messrs. Blair, Cargill, Hay, Macgregor, Logan, Stewart, and Stone...

Luther, the prince of fanatics said: "I would have no compassion on these witches; I would burn them all." Baxter, whose "Saint's Rest" should have received the cognomen of "Devil's Nest"...

Hastian and Taylor. J. D. Morrison, Cor. Sec. of the Psychological Society of Edinburgh, Scotland, gives the following account of a seance with the above noted mediums...

The above gentlemen, on passing through Edinburgh on their way from America to London, having kindly expressed their willingness to give the friends here an opportunity of testing their mediumship...

Seated on one of Mr. Porteous' dining-room chairs, Mr. Taylor clasped with his left hand the right wrist of a lady sitting on another chair, and directing us all to follow his example...

A translation from the ancient Sanskrit reveals to the world the great truth that Christa the incarnate Deity of the Hindoos was born several thousand years before Jesus of Nazareth...

The Hindoos were then the most highly educated, polished and refined people on the face of the globe. Their incarnate Deity was born of a virgin, holy and pure, who was overshadowed by Vishnu, their God...

The translation referred to is called the Bhagavad Gita. The American edition, which is just from the press, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE...

The edition now published, is in beautiful clear type, and is printed on the finest texture of tinted paper. The binding is richly embossed in gold and is beyond controversy, the most beautiful and substantially bound book ever published in Chicago...

It will grace any centre table, or the private library of most exquisitely bound books. All investigators into the origin of the Egyptian, Mosaic-Judaism, and Christian religions, should certainly possess the Bhagavad Gita.

PRICE \$3. Sent anywhere in the United States or the Dominion and England, by mail, on receipt of the money, \$3.00, and to any other foreign country for \$3.50.

\$1.50 pays for this paper one year, to new trial subscribers. THE LITTLE BOOBY for September is now out. It is indeed a choice number, and should be introduced into every family.

however we reason over these marvels, our intense wonderment remains the same.

J. D. MORRISON. Edinburgh, July 17th, 1874.

The Grasshoppers.

The visitation of grasshoppers to various portions of the West, has proved a very serious affair. In their presence the result of the displeasure of Providence, on account of the wickedness of the people? We think not.

Now would be a most excellent opportunity to test the efficacy of prayer. If the praying religionists should prove more mighty than the hordes of praying grasshoppers, then Christianity will be strengthened, and many of earth's children saved from starvation.

The extent of the mischief caused by these ravaging armies is vividly pictured in the following letter from Kansas, which says, "We will not have a potato, squash, pumpkin, citron melon, or anything of this kind for winter use."

Now is the time for the wealthy to manifest a noble spirit by contributing liberally to aid those who have suffered from this invasion of grasshoppers. God and angels will reward them for so doing.

Besides the pestiferous little grasshopper can sing his song of praise to God, and pray at the same time, one reason why the Christian would not be successful in competing with them in a devotional point of view.

This year seems to be an unfortunate one. The famjee in India, the inundations in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, the tornadoes here and there, the drought in the South and West, the civil war in Spain, the trouble in China and Japan, the frequent murders, etc., etc., and the ravages of the Colorado locusts, all seem to indicate that a great change is about to be inaugurated...

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA. Showing the Origin of Christianity -- Judaism and the Egyptian Religions.

A translation from the ancient Sanskrit reveals to the world the great truth that Christa the incarnate Deity of the Hindoos was born several thousand years before Jesus of Nazareth.

The Hindoos were then the most highly educated, polished and refined people on the face of the globe. Their incarnate Deity was born of a virgin, holy and pure, who was overshadowed by Vishnu, their God, as was Mary the mother of Jesus.

The translation referred to is called the Bhagavad Gita. The American edition, which is just from the press, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, was translated by that noted scholar, J. Cockburn Thomson, and supplied to a few people by subscription.

So rare and scarce is the work that it was with the utmost difficulty that the American publisher could find even a single copy of it in England, and had to pay eight dollars for a second-hand book.

The edition now published, is in beautiful clear type, and is printed on the finest texture of tinted paper. The binding is richly embossed in gold and is beyond controversy, the most beautiful and substantially bound book ever published in Chicago.

It will grace any centre table, or the private library of most exquisitely bound books. All investigators into the origin of the Egyptian, Mosaic-Judaism, and Christian religions, should certainly possess the Bhagavad Gita.

PRICE \$3. Sent anywhere in the United States or the Dominion and England, by mail, on receipt of the money, \$3.00, and to any other foreign country for \$3.50.

\$1.50 pays for this paper one year, to new trial subscribers.

Dr. Taylor.

This gentleman has recently given six lectures at Havana, Ill., two at Canton, and three at Chandlerville. At the two latter places, Miss Mary Shaw gave public seances on the stage to the wonderment of skeptics and believers.

As a lecturer, Dr. T. is described by Bro. Fishback, as "Striking from the shoulder out." His lectures are reported as awakening a wide-spread and deep interest in those places where he has spoken.

Our readers will find in this issue of the JOURNAL, several columns descriptive of what is known as the King Iron, manufactured and sold by the Hewitt Manufacturing Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

The above is the title of a pamphlet of 148 pages by Marion Todd, wife of Benj. Todd. The work is intended to illustrate the beauties of what is called by E. V. Wilson, "radicalism," that tender and to him sweet scented plant which he is afraid will receive injury from lack of harmony and love between the Spiritualists and the sexual freedomites.

The sentiments and practices of Moses Hull and the Woodhull fraternity generally are illustrated in her tale in a manner not to be misunderstood.

Those who have read "Moses-Woodhullism in a Nut-Shell," will find on reading this book that the author has confined herself so unmissably to the social-freedomite creed, as laid down in that little work, that Benjamin can have no occasion to doubt but what his companion is content to have him practice his creed to the fullest extent of their decalogue.

Brother Isaac Mead, of Richmond, Ill., who has reached the ripe old age of 81 years, gave us a call a few days ago. He has in his possession a spirit picture taken by Fisher Doherty, which he regards as a remarkable test of spirit power.

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One of the most attractive places in Chicago is the beautiful jewelry palace of Hamilton, Rowe & Co., situated on the south-east corner of State and Washington sts.

A superb collection of Rare Novelties. One of the most attractive places in Chicago is the beautiful jewelry palace of Hamilton, Rowe & Co., situated on the south-east corner of State and Washington sts.

J. H. STRATTON of Fish Lake Valley fails to give the State.

Worthy of Example.

Many of our subscribers realizing our need of means to carry on our work successfully, not only promptly renew their own subscriptions, but get their neighbors to try the JOURNAL for three months, or a year, as to them most convenient.

J. F. BERRY, please give Post Office address; will then credit amount received. H. WERNER sends money for three months subscription to this paper, but fails to give his State.

M. MILLISON claims to be a spirit artist, and says he can be addressed care of T. L. Shaw, Saranac, Ionia Co., Mich. L. RAQUET, of Afton, Iowa, informs us that Bro. Fishback's lectures in Iowa, are creating a wide spread interest.

DR W. L. JACK, medium of the Philadelphia Circle of Light, is now located for a short time in Haverhill, Mass. J. A. SPAN who writes to this office, does not give his Post Office address. Do so and your request will be attended to.

THE HINDOO NEW TESTAMENT--A most wonderful new book, printed on tinted paper and gold embossed binding. Sent by mail on receipt of \$3 Address RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.

RELIGION SUPERSEDED BY THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN; official organ of the Spirit-world. This is a monthly journal, established in 1864, to explain and to prove that Spiritualism has prepared the way for the second coming of Christ.

B. F. UNDERWOOD will lecture at Carlisle, Penn., Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d; at Binghamton, N. Y., Sept. 6th; next at Penn Yan, Syracuse and Groton, N. Y.; and Arnot and Clearfield, Penn. He will debate with Prof. O. A. BURGESS, at Cairo, Ill., Dec. 22d; the debate to continue several evenings.

THE SPIRITUALISTS AND FREE THINKERS OF ROCK CO., WIS., will hold a Basket Picnic and meeting, at Clear Lake, on Sunday, Aug. 30th. Dr. E. W. STEVENS has been secured to give two lectures on the occasion, at 10:30 A. M., and 9:30 P. M. A good time is anticipated.

Mrs. H. MORSE is to lecture at Redfield, Iowa, the 15th of September; at Stewart, 22d; at Des Moines, the 30th. She will be present at the Grove Meeting at Waverly, the 15th of September. Her address for the present is Nevada, Iowa.

\$1.50 pays for this paper one year, to new trial subscribers. The Opium and Tobacco Habit Both Cured by the Opium Remedy.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, 180 East Adams St., Chicago, Ill., ESTIMATED FRIEND--You may recollect, perhaps, that I addressed a letter to you, dated Feb. 24th, 1874, enclosing \$5 for the Opium Remedy, which came to hand all right.

While I was busy writing notices of appraisal till quite late one night, I was suddenly and unexpectedly deprived of the taste for tobacco which I had chewed for over thirty years, nor have I had the least desire to touch it since, and I have gained in flesh about thirty pounds. Do you think I am right in supposing it to have arisen from the Opium Remedy and action of the invisible friends?

Grand Charity Concert. A great calamity has befallen portions of our land. The Grasshopper Plague has visited them, and where but yesterday comfort and plenty reigned, to-day the staff of bread has been broken, the green and promising fields are a waste, the results of the year's toil have been ruthlessly dissipated, and actual want, oppression, and starvation confronts hundreds of families.

To meet this exigency, and afford substantial and timely relief, there has been projected a Grand Charity Concert, to be held at the Union Park Congregational Church, located directly West of Union Park, on Monday evening, Aug. 31st, 1874.

Tickets can be obtained at No. 78 State St., or at any of the principal music and book stores in the city. The Randolph and Madison street cars pass convenient to the Church. TRURO, J. ELKINS & Co., Managers, 78 State Street.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 639 Race St., Philadelphia.

The Devil of Morzine.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK]

Dr. Constans observed that the insensibility to pain of the convulsed person was not accompanied by general failure of perception. He, as well as the other physicians who visited them, thrust pins under their nails, and in other sensitive parts of the body, without causing pain. At the same time the organs of sight and hearing were excited in the sick persons to extraordinary keenness. There is a case reported of one, who being at Geneva, whither she had gone in search of cure, heard at a distance of thirty-five miles at least, the bells of Morzine ringing. She announced that they sounded for the christening of the doctor's baby, without any previous knowledge of the fact. The memory of the "possessed" is also marvelously developed. Many of them were said to have spoken foreign languages.—some English, some German, one used the Avernig dialect of French, and another was believed to discourse in Arabic. It is probable that they recalled phrases that had been accidentally printed on their brain, on some forgotten occasion, and that reproduced themselves during the unnatural condition of the faculties of the "possessed." The invulnerableness of their skin was yet more extraordinary; notwithstanding the severe treatment it received in the attacks of those diseases, it was seldom bruised or cut.

A Genevese clergyman assures us that he saw a child ten years old fall seventeen feet from a loft to the stone floor below without the slightest injury. Our readers will remember that a similar phenomenon was manifested, in a degree that seems incredible, by the celebrated convulsionnaire of St. Medard. It was made a ground of accusation in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We do not know that any physiological explanation can be given of it.

The consternation that such facts created at Morzine can be imagined. In vain Dr. Constans—who seems to have been given absolute discretionary power by the French Government—dispersed the worst cases to hospitals in other districts, in vain he overawed the parish authorities by a brigade of forty gendarmes and a detachment of infantry. He tried the effect of their drums and fifes, and caused the Cure to be changed, and threatened all who dared to have a fit with public punishment. Like failures followed each of his measures. During his presence for a few months the disease appeared to smoulder, but the following year fresh and furious outbreaks, suggestive of the presence of yet more cruel devils, took place, to the consternation of the administration, lay and ecclesiastical, of the Haute Savoie.

The Morzinois not, we think, be accused of extraordinary skepticism if they thought that medicine could do little for them, or of weak credulity, if they believed that Spiritual means could best meet the Spiritual evil. Several cures seemed to have been obtained throughout the epidemic by the use of private exorcisms, discouraged, it is true, by the Bishop of Annecy, but practiced by the Capuchins of St. Maurice. We can well believe that the fearful adjurations of the Ritual had power to kill or cure a convulsive patient—the whole ceremony is impressive even on the strongest minds; but it is plain that its repetition worked on the devout peasants of Morzine until they seem to have changed their Christian faith for a sort of demon propitiation. In their excitement they demanded a "mission" to revive their courage, and the Annecy authorities permitted one to be held in the afflicted valley during the summer of 1869. As usually happened after any religious ceremony of a public solemn nature, fresh evil followed. Within a week of the sermons and public meetings presided over by the reverend fathers of the mission, eighty cases of convulsions were numbered. The scenes that followed were more dreadful than ever. The newly organized authorities were powerless before an evil that seemed without remedy, and that might be propagated indefinitely through the nervous and credulous population of the Haute Savoie as the renown of it spread.

As soon as the winter snows allowed, the prefect of the department determined to visit the scene of this disorder. In March, 1864, he went to Morzine, determined to try what plain speaking and common sense could do. He called together in a room some of the women subject to convulsions, and exhorted them quietly to try and return to their former pious and regular habits. They listened attentively until, at a given moment, some chance word excited them. They all fell into simultaneous convulsions, and surrounding the prefect, who, our readers will remember, is a very great personage in his department, they assailed him with abuse, oaths and blasphemies. They kicked and struck him, and made as if they would tear him to pieces, and leaped with unnatural strength high in the air, foaming at the mouth, and contorting their bodies as no one had ever seen before. The few gendarmes present tried to help their prefect, but they were overborne. A spectator assures us that the women lifted these strong men as they would have lifted infants, and pinned them against the walls of the room, pressing their nails against the flesh of the men's faces. It is singular that no scratch was inflicted by them, notwithstanding the force they used.

Their muscles appeared to be perfectly under the control of the will that possessed them; their preternatural strength seemed nicely regulated as the soft touch of a healthy finger. With great difficulty the prefect struggled for a time against his possessed subjects; then, at a bound, one after another they all sprang through a window and disappeared. The prefect made little delay in leaving Morzine. We have heard that the calmest and strongest men receive an impression of singular uneasiness after having witnessed an attack of these convulsions.—A Roman Catholic priest, well used to common illness, has told us that, having been present at a convulsion in one of the Morzine women, who had come to Geneva, he was conscious of unusual nervousness for some hours afterward.

The experience of the prefect did not deter M. Magnin, who had succeeded Rendu in the bishopric of Annecy, from visiting Morzine in the course of his pastoral tour. He arrived there in the April following the prefect's discomfiture, with the usual suite of ecclesiastics who attend their chief on such occasions from parish to parish. There had been no confirmation in the valley for some years, and the bishop resolved to try the spiritual effects of that sacrament on some of the "possessed." We may say, by the way, that the excellent and enlightened prelate had, through discomfited exorcisms, and a man's great firmness and good sense,

and up to this date he is one of those French bishops who have not published, in their dioceses, the late encyclical letter from Rome. There was of course a full attendance at the high-mass he celebrated. Their bishop was a beloved and venerated object to the people of Morzine, and we can imagine the respect and awe his presence in full pontifical dress, must have commanded. Much was hoped from the moral effect of his visit and the influence of confirmation, but what that influence produced we translate from the letter of a worthy spectator. It was published in the *Union Medicale* of the second of July, 1864.

22nd May, 1864.

"Dear Friend, I went after all, on the 1st of May, to see the "possessed" at Morzine, and can assure you I have not lost my time. My imagination could never have conceived so horrible a sight. I was at Morzine at half past six in the morning. The ceremony began at 7 o'clock. I had not been five minutes in the church, when a young girl fell at my feet in horrible convulsions. Four men could not hold her. She struck the floor with her feet, her hands and her head as fast as the roll of a drum. Then another was seized, and again another. The church became a perfect hell. Nothing was heard but cries, blows, oaths and blasphemies, that made one's hair stand on end. It was the Bishop's entrance that particularly set all the people agog. Blows with the flat, kicks, spitting, horrible contortions, handfuls of hair, and caps flung about, torn clothes, bleeding hands, met everywhere my ears and eyes. The most frightful moments were at the elevation of the host, and at the benediction of the holy sacrament after vespers, as well as when the bishops first appeared. It was so dreadful that the bystanders were all in tears. The victims of the disease, about a hundred in number, seemed to fall into simultaneous convulsions without any previous warning. The noise was infernal. Within the radius of two yards I counted eleven. The greater number were young girls and women from fifteen to thirty years old. There was a child of ten, five or six old women and two men. The bishop confirmed some of them whether they would or no. As he came in front of them they were seized, but by the help of the gendarmes and some men who assisted he put his hands on them, even in the midst of their fearful maledictions. "Damned carrion of a bishop," they said, "why comest thou to torment us?" They tried to strike and bite him, and to tear off his Episcopal ring (which we have heard was actually trampled under foot). They spit in his face, but it was not worthy that when the bishop touched their heads in confirmation they sank down, and remained in a stupor that seemed like deep sleep. During the sermon, when any one was seized with a convulsion, the bishop stopped and making the sign of the cross he said, "In nomine Christi tace et obmutesce." The effect was invariably good. Near me was a young and pretty woman of eighteen. She had been married a year, and had been a mother two months. After having been confirmed, lying in the arms of her father, her brother, and her husband who all wept bitterly, she cried out, "Ah, damned carrion of a bishop, thou makest me depart. I who was so happy in this body on the earth. How dreadful to have to return to hell." Then after a pause, "And I, also, I must go. I must leave this fair body, where I was so well off. But when I go I have five more, and among them an old devil. It is not to-day that they will depart."

I took the woman by her hand and questioned her in Latin and other languages, but she did not reply.

The brigadier of the gendarmes having come forward to stop her talking, "A carrion of a brigadier," she cried, "I know thee—thou art an unbeliever. Thou art a ———. Thou art mine." The brigadier turned pale and fell back. The gendarmes were all so terrified that every moment they made the sign of the cross. I stayed at Morzine until M. Moneigneur left, that is to say, till half past six in the evening. The poor bishop was utterly dispirited. Two or three "possessed" were brought to him in the sacristy, but he could do nothing. On my return I found one by the road side. I questioned her also in foreign language, but she got angry and repelled by a handful of graves, which she flung in my face, telling me that I "only went once a year to mass, and that I was a busy-body. The complete failure of Episcopal influence threw the Government back on the help of medical science. Dr. Constans had, since his first visit, published a report in which he held out hopes of cure (if his advice were strictly followed). He was again commissioned to do what he could for Morzine. Armed with the power of a dictator he returned there, and backed by a fresh detachment of sixty soldiers, a brigade of gendarmes and a fresh Cure, he issued despotically decrees and threatened lunatic asylums, and in any case, deportation for the convulsed. He fined any person who accused others of magic, or in any way encouraged the prevalent idea of supernatural evil. He desired the Cure to preach sermons against the possibility of demoniacal possessions, but this order could not well be carried out by even the most obedient priest. The persons affected with fits were dispersed in every direction. Some were sent to asylums and hospitals and many were simply exiled from the Chablais. They were not allowed to revisit, even for a day, their homes except by very special favor. The existing health of the exiles is, of course, not well known, but we have heard of many who have attacks even now when they are far from Morzine. Four or five who were unfortunately kept together in an Annecy hospital, set on the chaplain, a priest who attempted to exorcise them, and ill-treated him after the fashion in which they had dealt with the bishop. Whether fear has helped to stay the spiritual plague, as undoubtedly fear helped to produce it, remains yet to be proved; at present the urgent pressure put by the French Government on the people of Morzine seems to have scotched the snake. There have been no cases of convulsions for four months. The soldiers have been withdrawn. We need not point out the salient facts of our narrative or discuss the various theories that have been invented to account for them. We have described no incident that can not be compared and measured by phenomena recorded in earlier centuries. It is impossible not to see the resemblance of the Morzine epidemic with the demopatny of the sixteenth century, and with the history of the Jansenist and Cevennes convulsionnaires. Some of the facts we have related are observed in a state of hypnotism or nervous sleep with which physicians are familiar. The hallucination of which we have given some instances, are too common to astonish us.

But the likeness of this epidemic to others that have been observed, does not account for its symptoms. The resemblance of its phenomena to some already witnessed does not, after all, explain them. Can physiologists give the reason for an insensibility that is accompanied by such remarkable development of muscular energy? Can they account for a preternatural keenness of the senses? Can any physical explanation tell us why the moral marvel exists of virtue turning to vice, and pity to hatred of God?

We have repeatedly inquired of persons familiar with the events at Morzine, if there could be any want of good faith in the patient whose symptoms contradicted received medical experience. With one accord it is agreed that there is no sort of acting among any of those afflicted. Nothing can be more terribly real than the trouble that has befallen them. The medical opinions that have as yet been pronounced on the Morzine evil seem to us remarkably vague. This harlequin malady unites symptoms of hysteria, epilepsy, mania, and gastric disturbance; and yet some principal features accompanying usually each of these diseases are wanting. The excellent health of the "possessed" between their seizure, seems to point out that there is no great physical mischief at work.

A physician reports of the women whose cases he observed. "They were fat and fresh looking, enjoying to the full their physical and moral faculties. It was impossible on seeing them to imagine the existence of the slightest illness."

Had we space it would be interesting to trace the strange influence of credulity on our perceptions. We have related facts that have been solemnly attested by grave persons of good faith at Morzine. Let not our readers be startled if we readily admit that such of these facts as trench on the supernatural might be proved on analysis never to have had any existence except in the minds of those who believe they witnessed them. But "possession" is not more curious a disease than the existence of epidemic illusions, such as we believe broke out at St. Midard among the Camisards of the Cevennes, and now at Morzine, when a whole population testifies to marvels. Has this frequent disorder of human perception been sufficiently examined? We do not set down those who believe in Spiritist and other marvels as knaves or fools, but as victims of a very common disturbance of the faculties that we think deserve serious attention from all interested in the search of truth.

We need not the Morzine evidence to remind us that nothing is less certain than any given, unless the organs of observation be specially sound and in high training; and to accept any fact as certain we must have other witness to it than that of our senses. The Chablais epidemic leads us into questions that concern us deeply, for it not only exhibits curious phenomena in those actually convulsed, but it also warns us of the remarkable liability to error of our perceptions when they are swayed by foregone conclusions.

The Spirit World.

A DEPARTMENT FOR COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

[Some time past my spirit friends have been urging me to add to the Philadelphia Department, one in which they may have the opportunity of sending their thoughts to the world. The extended circulation of the JOURNAL furnishes the means of reaching more individuals than any other paper on Spiritualism.

Spirits have expressed a desire that I should not only send forth the communications which they are able from time to time to give through my organ, but select scores that I may report as given through other mediums, whose names will be given with their communications. H. T. C.]

A NARRATIVE

Of the Spirits of Sir Henry Morgan and his Daughter Annie, usually known as John and Katie King, given—by H. T. Child, M. D.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL CIRCLES.

In the lowest spheres of spirit-life into which the most debased and criminal characters enter, little is known of the formation of circles, jealousy and envy keep those from uniting and co-operating with each other, who, if they could do this, would accomplish much more evil than they now do.

In the sphere or plane of life just above this, which has been appropriately named that of indifference, there is but little known of the philosophy of circles, but in the next sphere or plane, that of the children, considerable effort is made to instruct them in this important and interesting matter.

It is, however, in the sphere just above this, which is that of physical development in spirit-life, and which is really one of the rudimentary spheres, that the value and importance of circles begins to be appreciated. The most common object of the circles here is the physical development of the spiritual bodies. The external bodies of all spirits when they enter this sphere are always more or less imperfect, because of the ignorance and imperfection which belong necessarily to earthly conditions.

Classes for various kinds of physical training are to be found here, commencing around each earth, and extending far out into the realms of infinitude, where the children from different planets meet and interchange their knowledge and their power.

In these classes the different circles take their appropriate lessons and then practice them, until they are fully initiated into them. These pursuits do not occupy all the time; they are never wearisome; but are only carried so far as a pleasant attention demands. The members of such circles are frequently attracted to those below them in spirit life who are seeking similar conditions, and also to those on earth. By this means they extend their usefulness, at the same time that they are impressing upon themselves more firmly the lessons which they are receiving.

Physical development in spirit-life depends, to some extent, upon the atmospheric conditions which surround the spirit, as it does on earth; indeed, all the surroundings in both lives have their influence, but with us it is not dependent upon food as it is with you, but almost entirely upon our association with either human beings or with spirits. This is a fact of much more importance to mankind, especially the more refined and progressive classes, who either suffer or are blessed by their associates, than they are aware of. The operation of this law in spirit-life is the subject of study, and those who have learned it become guides to others both in spirit-life and on earth. The natural attractions of spirit bring those into association with each other who are adapted to aid in their mutual development.

The exercise of the various faculties in the spheres in which they are adapted for their development is the most common means of spiritual growth. If earth's children were aware of the vast amount of good they are doing to spirits, especially to those to whom they are strongly attracted, and for whom they feel the deepest interest, they would be made happy by the knowledge that they are blessing their loved ones.

In the formation of circles among mankind for the reception of spiritual manifestations, we can only give general directions, to be modified by particular conditions. The law of positive and negative influences, and their proper blending, has already been dealt upon by us. The feelings of cordial geniality which result from these, will be readily perceived. In your efforts to obtain satisfactory manifestations, these feelings are essential.

There are other conditions which will aid very much in obtaining the desired results.

The circle should meet in the same rooms and occupy the same seats, with regularity and punctuality, and where it can be, the room should only be used for the circle, excluding all other pursuits, which may be well enough in their places.

It is of the greatest importance that all selfish and unkind, or suspicious feelings should be banished, that all the aspirations and desires should be for the highest and best conditions; that the purest feelings of devotion should be sought after, and in proportion as you receive the desired results, all these will be increased.

It is essential that each one should enter upon the work with such feelings, for if any one be indifferent it will mar the whole work, hence small circles are generally more successful, as the chances for inharmony or indifference increase with the numbers.

The rules for forming circles are these:—
1st. Positive and negative forces properly adjusted as experience and your impressions may guide you.
2d. Genial and harmonious feelings on the part of all with an interest in the subject.
3d. Regular meetings at the same place and time; punctuality in these being quite important.
4th. To follow such suggestions as the spirit-guides may give from time to time.

Many sensitive persons have suffered in circles, but if these rules are observed there will be little danger from this, and the most sensitive may find themselves benefited by sitting in such circles.

The Work We Have Done—The Work Before Us—A New Proposition.

The voices of the people, the approval of our angelic guides and friends, and above all else, the unhesitating approval of our own conscience of our last year's work, give us strength and assurance that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL occupies an important position in the great field of Spiritual literature, and that a responsibility rests upon it, commensurate with the importance of the work to which it is assigned by the invisible intelligence that inaugurated it.

Its positive and aggressive warfare upon old theological dogmas, and its unhesitating and bold utterances is denunciation of that most vile and terrible reprobach upon Spiritualism, called *free love*, has endeared it to thinking people, however much or little faith they may have in the great truth of spirit-communication.

The intelligence which prompted the inauguration of this paper and gave it the name of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, plainly foresaw the work it was destined to perform.

While it recognized the principle in nature outcropping among all nations and people on the face of the globe, called religion, it nevertheless views it as but the antecedent of the development or unfolding of that ever-existing system, known as the *philosophy of life*.

Then it is but the rubbish that has to be removed to develop to the admiration of the soul, a Pantheon of eternal progression whose foundation is co-eternal with nature herself, and as boundless as infinitude.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL'S mission is to open the eyes of the people to this great truth. To make itself felt in this great work, not self-imposed, it must be positive and aggressive against error wherever found.

While timidity is an ingredient foreign to our nature, yet the obloquy, the foul breath of slander, the positive efforts of enemies, yet professed Spiritualists, to divest us of our good name and well earned popularity among our peers where best known, to the end of crushing out our paper, has been so keenly felt by us as similar treatment would have been felt by any other man not devoid of sensitiveness.

Like other men we have our love of approbation, but at the same time our love of truth and justice so far predominates as to prompt us to forego all applause from enemies, and suffer reproach rather than make one jot or tittle of sacrifice of principle.

Heaven's choicest blessings have often been invoked upon our head, and they have far outweighed in results the anathemas from the cess-pools of infamy.

At the inauguration of this institution, not only the trials, adversities, calamities and calamity to be encountered, were foreshadowed, but the magnificently grand and blessed results of our labors were portrayed to our astonished vision. Much of the former we have since been called upon to endure. Our faith in the promises made, and often repeated by angelic friends, has continually buoyed up our spirits and prompted us to renewed efforts.

The spirit of love and encouragement has been from time to time, as necessity seemed to demand, showered upon us from the angelic spheres, in a manner little to be comprehended by the great mass, yet, not even by the most advanced Spiritualists.

Now, as the rubbish of free love is nearly removed from the great ship, laden with angelic love and light, we see looming up in the no great distance a greater, and by far more agreeable work for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

As that distance is shortened, we feel that new and fresh inspirations await, and that we shall enter upon our ever-increasing duties under it with even greater zeal, more potent power, and with largely increased facilities to meet the wants of the millions who are already being stirred to the innermost recesses of their souls, to seek for more knowledge of the hereafter, and to inquire into the *philosophy of life*.

We are assured that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was pre-eminently inaugurated to supply that mental food so necessary for the development of that philosophy which is to feed and refresh the millions of thinking people now eagerly seeking for, and craving, more light.

Two numbers more close the sixteenth volume of this paper. Eight years of incessant toil has rolled into the past, and the thoughts incident thereto have helped to make up the web and woof of our being.

Readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL are found scattered over the civilized world. They are found by many thousands in our beloved land where Modern Spiritualism was first tabored in, and by here and there one in foreign countries.

disseminated among the masses. The onward march of free thought must be recognized, and old systems based on shams, frauds, and deceptions, which hold men's minds in servitude, must be uprooted and eradicated by the disintegrating power of positive light and knowledge, to the end that the new spiritual, the good and beautiful Pantheon of Progress may appear in all of its dazzling beauty, to the gaze and admiration of the world.

We call the roll of all true Spiritualists and sound the clarion trumpet to awaken all lovers of angelic communion to the great duty and necessity of holding the beacon lights they possess high aloft, that others may, as they have been guided in the way to spiritual truths and angelic communion.

Friends, do your part well, and we will do ours; and this is

WHAT WE WILL DO.

We will continue (until notice to the contrary) to send the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to any new trial subscriber three months for

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We reminded him of the parable of the Kingdom of Heaven and the Householder, to be found in the 30th chap. of Matthew, 15th verse especially, and asked him if he had any more right to complain than those laborers "that had borne the heat and burden of the day?" If any one should ever hereafter enter a like complaint, we respectfully call his attention to the same parable.

Our regular subscription price is as low as any paper of the kind can be afforded, paying current expenses and giving a decent support to the publisher. We could never have sent out our paper free to the poor, and at nominal prices to new investigators, nor could we make this new offer, if we had no other means of meeting incidental expense, than the receipts from subscriptions. Sixteen hours of industry per day through forty long years of manhood, has brought us to that competency, and that, too, without a single deviation from the line of integrity in our dealings with our fellow-men, which enables us, in this the evening of our life, to aid with a liberal hand, in disseminating knowledge of that land to which all mankind, with fear and trembling steps, are rapidly tending.

The scales of darkness have already fallen from millions of eyes. Our beloved JOURNAL has been, and yet is, a lamp at the feet of tens of thousands to guide them in their onward march.

Is it too much to ask all such to engage once more in presenting this new proposition to all of their neighbors and to urge, its acceptance? And will all who have been, or now are, trial subscribers, accept it? Let every one do his part faithfully and promptly, and they will swell the subscription list to such dimensions that we shall be enabled with our *then paying advertising patronage* together with a small profit on each subscription, to reduce our regular subscription price as low as any secular paper of equal size, and equal amount of original matter; and not only that, but you, friends, will aid in hastening on the time that we shall be enabled to put a *daily spiritual paper* into the hands of the people, worthy of our cause.

Come, friends, let us work together. Bend up the subscriptions as promptly as possible. The third issue after this will commence the seventeenth volume of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Of that number we shall print several thousand extra copies to fill the many new subscriptions that will come in before that time, and we shall continue to receive and fill subscriptions under this proposition for two weeks after we give notice in this paper of our intention to withdraw it. Now is the proper season of the year to subscribe, and to begin with the commencement of a new volume is always desirable.

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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
Of John W. Pulsifer.

BY FRANCIS H. M'DUGALL.

His form has gone from our midst, but his virtues live forever. Joyful must be the change from the struggles and sufferings of the earth-life, to the freedom and peace of heaven, and yet I know his tender heart clings to his kin, and weeps for the sorrows of his beloved.

With an intellect at once broad, bold and fine, he was capable of commanding a wide and varied sphere of thought and action, and this broad intellect was well balanced by the moral power—the large love nature, that owned a godlike sympathy for every human being, and every living creature. Nor were his great powers ever protruded. His best friends could scarcely know their full extent, they were so closely veiled by a rare modesty. But all who knew him felt the benignity of his presence, the entire earnestness and truthfulness of his character, and the grand honesty, which, amid the remorseless selfishness of the money-getting world, always kept his hands, heart and conscience clear—free from the corrosive stain of ill-gotten gold. He was truly one

“Where every god did seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man.”

John Webster Pulsifer was born near Canandaigua, N. Y., Dec. 8th, 1819. When only two years old his father died, and his mother with her little family of four young children removed to Plymouth, New Hampshire, her former home. She owned a house and one acre of ground in the village of Plymouth; but not being strong, she probably could not have done better, than to give two of her children homes with their respective uncles. By her trade, that of a tailors, she supported herself and the other two children; but she had no means to spare toward the complete education of her children; but notwithstanding the great disadvantages they labored under, they all became very superior persons. Sarah, the oldest and only survivor of the family, became a teacher very early, married young, and is still living in Erie, Pa.

Charles, the second, was appointed a missionary among the Cherokee Indians, and reached them in the fall of 1842. There he remained six years, in the successful prosecution of his appointed work. During his residence among them he rendered important assistance as a physician, often going many miles to attend the sick. His own health and that of his wife became impaired, and they returned to New England, deeply regretted by the Indians, who said, “Who shall now be our doctor and teacher?” They parted with prayer and the singing of their own familiar hymns, while the weeping, at times, checked their utterance.

After revisiting his former home, he was sent, in November, 1848, to Ojibwa among the Ojibwas, and remained there about six years. Failing health and defective sight now compelled him to resign his chosen work. He retired from the field, and in 1856 settled on a farm in Illinois. But his health continued to fail, and his sight grew still more dim, until he was nearly blind. He suffered repeatedly from partial shocks of apoplexy, which finally caused his death. He was found dead in a field near his house, but a short time after he left home.

Joseph, the youngest child, was a physician, and a graduate from the Medical School of Columbus, Ohio. He removed West and practiced with great success, during the terrible rage of the cholera, not losing a single patient. He emigrated to California with his brother John, gave up the practice of medicine and finally settled on a large tract of land near the town of Cobles, where he married the widow of Dr. Senepie, who, it will be remembered, published the first newspaper in California.

John, the subject of this sketch, at the age of three years, went to live with his uncle, Moses Pulsifer, who had received a his inheritance, the old homestead, a sterile New Hampshire farm, which his grandfather had cleared off and settled upon in 1769.

Here I digress for a moment, and copy verbatim from the proceedings of the Centennial Celebration of the settlement of the town of Campton, N. H., the following paragraph: “Joseph Pulsifer from Ipswich, and his wife from Newburyport, came here in 1769. She was eighteen years of age, and came on horseback, upon a pillion, hiding behind another person, and never having been upon a horse before starting on their journey into the wilderness. They settled at first near, and a little south of the church, as it now stands. He afterwards sold his dwelling for a place of worship, and removed to the hill—Pulsifer Hill—in the south part of the town. There in the midst of difficulties, common indeed to new settlers, but of which we can at present form no adequate conception, they brought up a family of ten children.

“One of these, and the only surviving one, John, now aged 92, is still living within a quarter of a mile of the place where he was born.

“At the tender age of six years the little John was harnessed into hard work. Rising in summer at 3 o'clock, his day was not finished until nine in the evening, making a heavy hard stretch of eighteen hours; and from this time he had only one month's schooling in the year, and that always in the severe New Hampshire winters, for which, through sleet and snow, he had to walk several miles. Yet under these disproportionate hardships, his sweet hopeful spirit, still bearing up bravely, looked at the world with a merry eye. He was, in fact, of a very cheerful disposition, and full of funny pranks and tricks, which he was frequently playing off upon some member of the family; while, at the same time, he was so skillful in his movements as generally to escape detection. It may be that this trait of temper saved him. And it may be—and probably was the case—that angels, seeing and foreseeing what his uncle little dreamed of—the infinite possibilities to which, with good educational advantages he should attain, interposed passages of spirit-teaching into his otherwise almost blank existence, giving strength, meanwhile, for the daily task, and sweet, healthy, hopeful dreams to the nightly slumbers. Verily we might say to the world, there is more such teaching “than is dreamed of in your philosophy.”

And this young life, so utterly devoid of leisure, and even of sufficient rest, had no time for those numberless amusements, and youthful delights, which always render childhood so attractive, and to which on turns, even in maturer years, to gather the crimson tints and silver light to warm and enliven the dull, practical present. There were, indeed, no nursery tales for him—no enshrined Mother Hubbard; no enchanting Mother Goose; no little Kinsfolk among the Fairies; no Jack the Giant Killer, or Little Red Riding Hood, to listen to, with the not quite all-believing wonder of simple childhood. And the young mind, cheated of what belonged to its present, took precocious strides into the future, anticipating the taste and discrimination of maturer years. And very early was developed a taste for the higher orders of literature—works that are generally to children sealed secrets, which

they have small temptation to open. When a mere boy he walked from Campton to Concord, to hear Daniel Webster. I am not certain of the distance, but I think it is about thirty-six miles, leaving home at 2 o'clock, P. M., and reaching Concord in time for the speech. His mother's maiden name was Webster, and she was a relative of the great Daniel, of which she was very proud; but the man John, had too intense individuality—too grand a selfhood—to feel himself ennobled by the shadow of any other man, however large it might be.

Among his other activities, John was very fond of hunting, and has lain out many a bleak winter's night for the purpose of capturing a fox, and thereby secure the bounty offered by the county for the scalp of that animal, the scene of his vigils being Pulsifer Hill, now better known as Mount Prospect—a famous summer resort for tourists en route for the White Mountains, and overlooking the beautiful lake of Winnepesaukee.

His eldest daughter, speaking of this period, says, “I will remember hearing him tell with what enthusiasm he first read ‘Paradise Lost.’ It was one night while sitting up with a corpse, the lofty sentiments, the sublime conceptions and the sonorous roll of the rhythmic verse, went over him like an organ peal, thrilling to the inmost depths of his responsive and sensitive soul.”

He was very young at this time, probably not more than 13 or 14.

Again the daughter writes, “I have in my possession a little book which he compiled when he was sixteen. The selections are excellent, including some of the best of our best authors. There is one by Mrs. Hemans, which I do not remember to have seen before, beginning thus

“The dead, the glorious dead—and shall they rise? Shall they look on thee with their proud bright eyes?”

He early developed a preference for politics, theological, philosophical and argumentative reading and discussion. Whittier was his favorite among our American poets. He was always studious and fond of books, and accumulated quite an extensive library. He always had a library by him, even in these mountain solitudes, and among the busy haunts of men.

When others sought the gaming tables and saloons for amusement, he turned to his faithful and constant companions through all vicissitudes—his books. And whenever he could, he would allure men into his cabin, and read to them, hoping this to rescue their evenings from gambling and other vices.

“I must tell you of an elegant violin of curled maple, that father made in his younger days. It was in the possession of my aunt, and to me it was a model of beauty, because the dear, dear hands of my sweet father fashioned it. O how I wanted that instrument for my own; and how much more I want it now!”

Setting aside the cruel overwork, uncle Moses was always kind to the sensitive boy who spite of all the seeming exactions, and real hardship, cherished for him a deep and tender regard. He seemed, indeed, to have the happy genius of the bee, extracting pure and wholesome sweets from hard ways and bitter woods.

John remained with his uncle until of age, and then went to learn wagon and carriage making, painting, and cabinet work, and was a very superior workman. In the shop where he worked, then a Court House, Webster delivered his maiden speech.

After his trade was learned he removed to Lowell, Mass., but before establishing himself in this, he took a contract to graft a large number of fruit trees for Amos Lawrence, thus showing how the “universal Yankee” genius crops out in all directions.

On the 2d of April, 1844, he married Miss Selina Hermann, of Derby, Vermont, which proved one of those true and rare relations which occasionally manifest themselves in our cross-cut social system.

In July, 1845, he removed to Lycoming, Penn., and the next year to Iowa, where he finally settled in New London, Henry County. Supposing he had established himself permanently, he made arrangements for reopening his proper business, but painting proved so injurious to his health, he was obliged to relinquish it, and the climate was such as to induce in his system acute and congestive chills. He soon saw that he must leave Iowa, or die prematurely.

Mr. Pulsifer had been one of the pioneers of the great Anti Slavery movement, originating in New England, and enjoyed an extensive acquaintance with all the prominent men and women engaged in it. He was a personal friend of N. F. Rogers, of Plymouth, N. H., a radical anti-slavery man, whom the Congressional Church of that place ostracized, and would not permit him the use of their house to promulgate his unorthodox doctrines of Human Freedom and Human Rights. When he first went to Iowa it was unsafe to utter anything bearing on the Anti-Slavery sentiments, the Pro-Slavery feeling ran so high; and they threatened to mob him, and even to take his life; but nothing daunted he spoke fearlessly in the cause of truth and right, and was ever unsparing in his denunciations of oppression and wrong. The popularity and power that are bought by dishonesty or a compact with wrong, had no charms for him.

In Feb. 23d, 1865, he again sailed from New York; and arriving in California, he located in San Jose, where he purchased property, and finally brought there his family. Here he remained until 1867, when he removed to Shaw's Flat, Tuolumne Co., where he remained through 1868, and then returned to Indian Valley.

His death was caused by the culmination of an exceedingly painful disease, from which he had suffered intensely for years. During the last painful attack, he was confined to the bed only eight days. During his entire illness he manifested the most remarkable patience, sweetness of temper and intense love and gratitude for all his friends. He was conscious of the approach of death 24 hours before the change came. He predicted the hour he would go, and requested those about him to make the occasion as cheerful and pleasant as possible. For twelve hours before his death he saw distinctly spirit forms, and flowers, and described them; but could not say all he wished. The night before he died, the angels showed him a rich, ripe, red apple, broken in two; and soon after that, Mrs. Pulsifer saw a ripe bunch of wheat in his hand—all indicating that he was ripe, and ready for the “Reaper, Death.”

He died full in the faith, which had been so many years his support and solace. He was in all respects a self-made and self-taught man, with a genius that made the most difficult things easy, and the most adverse, possible. His refined feelings and affections, his sweetness of disposition, his rare generosity, his high intellectual endowments, his stainless moral character, and all the elements of his pure and noble life, have not left us. Their immortal memory lives in many hearts, that will be made better and happier, for the sweet aroma it inspires.

IN MEMORIAM

He has gone from our midst to the beautiful clime Where the Waters of Life in sweet melody chime, Where Rivers of Rapture in fullness overflow, And above him the Stars of Eternity glow.

But list to the music he breathes on the ear, To my dear ones I come from this Love-lighted sphere, I have in the strength of this wide-spreading calm, And inhale for thy healing the Spirit of Balm.

Where bright waters leap from the Fountains of Joy— Whose excess never sickens—whose sweets never cloy— And blooms of the Asphodel softly unfold, I drank from a chalice of Heaven-born gold!

To my bosom I'm folding the Loved of Lung Syne— I embrace and caress them with rapture divine— No death in the Future—no cloud in the Now, To dim the deep eye, or o'er shadow the brow;

But the lovely perspective beams fair on the sight, With its on flowing Love and its inflowing Light, With hand clasping hand—soul responsive to soul— We're united while ages in sympathy roll!

And the spheres of the Higher, like hills far away— Lift their heads into regions of shadowless day— I shall climb to the summit, with step undimmed, Though mount over mountain the steep is arrayed.

To the highest I aim, and my earnest shall be The heart of the faithful—the foot of the free— With no cloud to obscure the highway of my flight, I rise—I ascend to the Mountains of Light—

Where Truth in nude pureness the pure may behold, The shining form loved with her tresses of gold— And Wisdom and Love in their beauty all seen— The Graces of Heaven, with no shadow between.

My earth-sorrows pass, like a strange dream away; I awake to the life and the beauty of day; For the sharp thorns of Trials now bloom on the rod; And all darkness subsides in the glory of God.

Merced City, Cal.

Wonders Will Never Cease.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, ss. Grundy County,

Personally appeared before me, Capt. L. H. Nash, who, upon oath says: I am 53 years of age, of good sound body and mind; have never been subject to somnambulic conditions, nightmare or abnormal conditions of mind whatever; that on or about 2 o'clock in the morning of July 12th, 1874, I awoke from a pleasant dream, in which Henry Rutherford, deceased, who died May 4th, 1874, at Morris, Illinois, was the principal actor. I immediately arose and sat on the edge of the bed—in a perfectly awakened, conscious and normal condition—when I became terrified by distinctly recognizing before me the form and features of the late Henry Rutherford, who appeared standing before me, and, with the exception of a grave and solemn countenance, the same as I had known him for the last 18 months previous to his death.

I involuntarily extended my hand, which he grasped cordially and shook. He then took a chair, turned its back in front, and sat down. His hand was cold and clammy, and produced an indescribable feeling I never shall forget. While extending the hand, and while yet standing, I asked, “Henry is this you?” He answered, “Yes, and seated himself.” “I thought you were dead,” said I. “Yes,” said he, “my body is dead and buried, but my spirit is here.” “Henry, is there a Heaven?” “Yes,” said he, “there is a heaven.” I then asked him, “Is there a Hell?” A far quite a pause, the answer was “Yes, there is a Hell, but not such hell as generally supposed.” I asked, “How are you fixed as to your situation?” He smilingly replied, “I am in heaven.” We thus conversed of different topics for a long while, but mostly on matters relating to his sphere of existence beyond the grave. While thus holding a familiar chat with my old friend in the cabin of my boat one of my hands came on deck. I tugged around, opened the window, and said to him, “Henry Rutherford is here; come in.” But, when again I looked where he had been, there was but an empty chair.

I reiterate, I never was more sane, wide awake or conscious in my life, than on that occasion, and I am not mistaken in the three senses through which I saw his form. I felt his hand, and heard his voice, which to me is proof positive that in some incomprehensible way, to me inexplicable, I was in direct communication with the dead.

He came as he told me and others that he should provided he died first and it was possible to come. I am not addicted to the use of opium, liquors of any kind, nor tobacco, except to smoke occasionally. My habits are regular; am free from disease. I have been raised and educated a Catholic; having connected myself, by “being found worthy,” with the brotherhood of Free Masons, I suppose myself severed from the Catholic Church. I am virulently opposed to Modern Spiritualism in every form of its different phases, having no sympathy, regard nor belief in it.

L. H. NASH.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 3d day of August, 1874.
N. McBRIDE, Justice of the Peace.

We certify that we are intimately acquainted with Capt. L. H. Nash, who makes the foregoing affidavit, and know him to be a gentleman of good moral character, without any bad habits, and fully entitled to respectability and credit. We were also personally acquainted with Henry Rutherford, deceased, during the time he lived here with us in Morris.

Witness our hands, at Morris, August 3d, 1874.

JOHN ANTON
B. F. HALL
J. B. JONES.

To Nash.

There will be many comments made upon the above case by parties who will ascribe the phenomenon to different causes, such as the effect of a debauch, nightmare, reverie or a perverted mind, brought on by over exercise of mind or body, an indigestible supper or poor whisky, either one of which is capable, as is well known, of materially disturbing the harmonious and beautiful functions of the brain. All minds that have put forth useful and scientific truths, have been thus foully judged by the popular mind.

A due amount of scepticism or credulity is praiseworthy, when the same is controlled by reason, but an unlimited control by either over a man is alike prejudicial and detrimental. The sceptic doubts all, which makes him a bigot; the fanatic believes all, which makes him a fool; but he who follows in the wake of events with an unprejudiced mind, and judges occurrences of life according to their real worth from his highest standard of development, without prejudice, favor or partiality, is the truest logician and philosopher, whose free and unbiased mind is capable of exploring the secret and hidden causes of natural phenomena through observation and experiment that would never be revealed through minds which are satellites to other suns.

We admire the taste of Milton's devil, “who would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven.” Mr. Nash presents a bold, honest, earnest and defiant front, being well aware of the obliquity to which he is subjecting himself; he considers himself but a unit in the play of forces, the *modus operandi* of which he knows nothing, and that the inexplicable phenomena to which he has been subject is a matter for experts among the most scientific and cultivated minds, and *per force* belong to the public to be adjudicated upon its intrinsic worth, and upon its merits. He is a Free Mason, which bespeaks truth, honor and virtue, the three characteristics necessary to adorn a lodge, “if found worthy,” to quiet all cavilling in regard to the worth of his statement and that there should be no misconception in regard to his condition when he was thus through laws unknown to him brought physically in being with the dead he voluntarily took upon himself the solemnities of an oath, not that this vowing was necessary to verification, but an adjunct of much weight, with most minds. He questions his sense of seeing, and he extends his hand to confirm his sight, the hand was immediately grasped in a friendly grip, which has left a lasting impression which will never be forgotten; that cold, clammy, deathlike touch has left a sensation ever present with him. So positive is he that he had within his grip the hand, and that he was looking upon the actual form of his old friend, that he proceeded to question him, “Henry is you?” “It is,” was the immediate response. “I supposed you were dead.” “Yes, my body is buried, but my spirit is here.” He then indulged in a long conversation with his transmigrant friend who was redeeming his promise, that if there was a possibility of returning and acquainting him of the truth of immortality he should do so. This he has done fully.

Voices from the People.

WYKOFF, MINN.—A. N. HOFF writes.—I have not the money at present to renew my subscription, but will send it before the 1st quarter is up. Please put me down for another year and oblige a teetotaler after truth.

It gives us pleasure to aid all seekers for truth, to the utmost extent of our ability. You will find your paper marked C which means continued on credit.—Ed. JOURNAL.

NEW YORK CITY.—S. W. Britton writes.—I would not be without the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL under any circumstances, as it is my solemn every Sunday, and your paper should be sustained if for no other reason than the stand you have taken in relation to free-love.

MANTUA, OHIO.—D. M. KING writes.—The friends of Spiritualism held their yearly meeting yesterday (Aug 3rd) in Vaughn's Grove, near Mantua Station, with the largest attendance from all directions that has been for some years. Everything went off right; a good time it general.

GLENWOOD N. Y.—S. N. Blakely writes.—I have read your valuable paper for one year next month, and paid for it. You took the stand on the Woodhull doctrine that no other editor dared take—rather severe at times, but as you understood her better than the people generally, I can but admire your independence and say, go on and keep the world posted.

GALESBURG, ILL.—Dr. J. C. Williams writes.—I have sent you seven subscribers for the Journal for three months. My wife was among the number. She says that she feels lost without it, as it gives such a bright and beautiful glimpse of the Summer-land. Brother Jones, if it were not for the truths of the Spiritual philosophy, the future would be dark indeed.

SANTA FEE, MO.—Mary F. Blackburn writes.—I feel constrained to say to thee that I have not lately seen anything that so touched my sympathy as did the appeal from the Follet State Penitentiary, made by Charles Wells. Your business answer lashed every tender chord of my nature. Were I not so poor, I would send thee the money to furnish every convict with a copy of thy truly valuable paper, each succeeding number of which seems to grow better. May the kind angels guide and strengthen thee in thy noble work. Ever thine for the truth and right.

There are hundreds of thousands of Spiritualists who are abundantly able to contribute one dollar or more, without ever feeling the loss, to make up a fund to send the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, not only to the inmates of prisons to aid them in their efforts for reformation, but to the thousands of poor widows and orphan children who would gladly read it but poverty forbids.

Many of them, worthy Spiritualists, to maintain caste in society contribute largely to popular churches (in which they have no faith), but forget to aid us in this noble work of disseminating knowledge above referred to.

May good and loving angels inspire them to aid us in the noble work of enlightening and elevating the souls of down-trodden humanity to a sense of a higher and nobler life.—Ed. JOURNAL.

RURAL, ILL.—B. G. W. writes.—If the record be true, Moses' God says: “I will send wild beasts among you, which shall rob you of your children;” and God sent, or permitted, “two she bears to tear forty and two children” who said to Elisha, “Gouph thou bald-head” (Lev. 26:22, and 2 Kings 2:23, 24). How unlike Jesus, who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Balam says (Num. 23:19), “God is not a man that he should lie; nor the son of man that he should repent.” This contradicts Genesis 6:6, 7, which says: “And it repented the Lord that he had made man, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man and beast, and the creeping things, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them.”

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Mary Clute writes.—I hope and pray that friends will invest their beautiful philosophy and learn for themselves that our departed friends do return and communicate with us and are hovering around us here on earth, trying to fit and prepare us to fulfill our mission here and be better prepared to enter our beautiful home in the spirit-land. Oh! what a blessed thought to know and feel that they are about us trying to cheer our lonely hours when ever we are feeling sad or lonely. Who can deny these things that are making us more noble in all our aspirations about knowledge and wisdom. I am sixty four years old, and fifteen years since I commenced investigating this heavenly and most glorious theory of spirit communion. Oh! that all could know and feel the grandeur of its teachings and be made happy as I have been through Spiritualism.

SAINT PAUL, MINN.—M. E. C. Flower writes.—In the JOURNAL of Aug. 15th appears the following, over the signature of J. W. L. Loring, of Stillwater, Minn. “In his manifesto” (meaning E. V. Wilson's), he fails to explain why he took the part of a professed free-lover, in Minn., “even to the dividing asunder of our state association.” The above quoted remarks would not be worthy of a passing notice, were it not that its publication placed the Minnesota State Spiritualist Association in a wrong position. It will be a pleasure to a large mass of Spiritualists, who assembled a little less than one year since, in annual convention at Minneapolis, to learn through this Stillwater brother that our state association has been divided asunder, by the free love action of E. V. Wilson. It is a well known fact that our State Association, was never in so flourishing a condition as at the present time. I have never had the pleasure of an acquaintance with the Stillwater Brother above referred to, but so far as I know, there has been but one withdrawal from our State Association in the past two years (there may have been more but I do not bring them to mind), and the party withdrawing was disgusted with the association, for the simple reason, that he was not elected President at the annual convention, and was two years since. As to E. V. Wilson, he possesses very little influence with the mass of Spiritualists of Minnesota at this time. We are making extensive preparations and arrangements for our forthcoming annual convention. We have engaged Prof. T. B. Taylor as one of the speakers, and expect K. Graves and others; we are also making arrangements to have a machine exhibition. Mrs. Weeks, the fine Chicago tea medium, has just arrived in our city and will remain until after the convention, where she will be in attendance.

CHELSEA, 65 Washington Avenue, MASS.—A. E. Campbell writes.—Campmeeting in the order of the day among the Massachusetts Spiritualists, and large numbers of campers have congregated at the rallying points, Harwich, Silver Lake and Lake Walden. These meetings are all over now and reports of the most favorable character come in from those who had the pleasure of “settling on the old camp grounds.” My part was cast among the Walden fond division, and a very pleasant lot it was. For twelve days we staid on in the grove on the borders of the beautiful lake and heard lectures, held circles, played croquet, went toting, swimming and fishing, danced, sang, laughed, talked, and had a real social, healthy, hearty, good time. I should think that the Spiritualists all over the country would follow the example of Massachusetts and have a share in the bold meetings more or less in every state in the union. These out-door meetings, there is nothing like them. I candidly believe that they are doing great work in advancing the interests of Spiritualism and free thought generally. One day we were addressed by a Baptist minister, that is, he was a short time since, and still is a member of the Baptist association, but preaching for an independent society now. His lecture was grand and very radical, showing that the spirit of free thought and expression had so moved upon him, that the shackles of a false theology had ceased to enslave him. He says that the people are all ready to accept these advanced liberal ideas, but the ministers have not the courage to preach them. He dared to speak, and a few old fogies refused to let him. He left the church, wherein to preach such heretical doctrines. He got out and took the congregation with him. They got another place for him to occupy, and he has since been free to speak as the spirit gave him utterance without reference to articles of faith of any written creed whatsoever. There are many other ministers who have to preach that which their souls abhor, that could make themselves free in the same way, did they but try. We miss Denison very much at our campmeetings. Years past he has always lifted up his voice with no uncertain sound, before the vast multitudes that always flock to hear him. It speaks well for free-thinking Massachusetts that this most radical of all free-thinkers commands the largest hearing among us. He will be gladly welcomed home by his many friends in New England, all of whom miss his presence sadly. To return to the campmeeting: many fine tests were given during our stay in the grove through the excellent medium that were present, and our communion with the unseen attendants of the meeting was exceedingly pleasant and profitable. Our soul and tents and everything else were considerably damped the last two days, by the almost incessant and heavy fall of rain. But we had some very pleasant meetings in the tents notwithstanding. I never shall forget the baptism of love and spirit power that flooded our souls the last evening in Nassau Home tent. Everybody was filled with the spirit and many spoke with soul touching earnestness. Mrs. Carpenter to close with, had two names come up in red letters on her arm, which proved to belong to some persons who were present. The Seaver of the Investigator contributed much to the enjoyment of the meeting, by his able lectures on each of the Sundays of the session. It was on the whole a happy time and may we all have many more.

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Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit-guides are brought up rapport with a sick person, through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the positive and negative forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and if an internal or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instruction. However simple it may seem to be, remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

This prescription is usually sufficient, but in case a patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any change that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. Robinson also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter, as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric and business medium.

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N. B.—Mrs. Robinson will never give no printed readings to any one. If privacy is required, it must be by letter, accompanied with the usual fee; and terms above stated, must be strictly complied with, or no notice will be taken of letters sent.

A Good Head of Hair Restored by a Spirit Prescription.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—For the benefit of my friends and the world, I desire to make this brief statement. My hair has been almost entirely bald for about six years. I had tried almost everything that I could hear recommended, and firmly believed that nothing could restore my hair.

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I can fully substantiate the foregoing by 10,000 witnesses, if necessary, and will answer correspondents by sending Springfield, Mo.

Mr. Smith enclosed a lock of his hair along with the above letter. It is about one inch in length, and of a dark brown color, soft and lively as that of a young man of twenty.

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